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# "BEATRICE."

Latest and Best Story.

By H. RIDER HACGARD.

gelly, several miles away. En route a storm and darkness come, and the canoe is capsized in the breakers.

They are washed on a rock and Geoffrey is stunned. An enormous wave sweeps them into the sea, Beatrice retaining a strong hold on the senseless man, and at strong hold on the senseless man, and at last picked up by a boat's crew and carried to the vicarage. Beatrice's home. Geoffrey is revived and is visited by his wife, the haughty Lady Honoria, who takes a languid interest in his recevery. Beatrice seems dead until the doctor utters a sudden excla-

After extraordinary efforts Beatrice is revived. Owen Davies, proprietor of Bryngelly castle, calls to inquire for her. Elizabeth, sister of Beatrice, is jealous of her, and aspires to become the mistress of the castle. Owen Davies is a stolid, prosaic person, who has been a sailor, and who has suddenly been raised to affluence by the death of a relative who owned the castle. The scene changes to when Beatrice, a girl of 15. was showing the owner for the first time over his possessions. Mrs. Thomas, the housekeeper, has refused to admit him

to the house, not knowing him. At last, through a happy suggestion of Beatrice, he proves his identity and ever afterwards has been in love with Beatrice. Geoffrey and his wife are having a little family conference of an unpleasant nature. Lady Honoria decides to visit her brother, leaving Geoffrey at Bryngelly.

Geoffrey calls on Beatrice and she tells him er a remarkable dream she has had, in which his future seems to have some unaccountable influence on her own. The Lady Honoria visits the vicarage. Beatrice is at her school, teaching.

CHAPTER X,-(CONTINUED,) After this conversation flagged for a

while, till Lady Honoria, feeling that things were getting a little dull, set the ball rolling "What a pretty view you have of the sea from these windows," she said in her well-trained and monotonously modulated voice.

"I am so glad to have seen it, for you know I am going away tomorrow."
Beatrice looked up quickly. "My husband is not going," she went on, as though in answer to an unspoken ques-

"I am playing the part of the undutiactly three weeks. It is very wicked of me, isn't it? but I have an engagement that I | moved.

"Does your little girl go with you, Lady Honoria?" asked Elizabeth.
"Well, no; I think not. I can't bear parting with her—you know how hard it is when one has only one child. But I think she would be so bored where I am going to stay, for there are no other children there; and besides, she positively adores the sea So I shall have to leave her to her father's

tender mercies, noor dear. "I hope she will survive it, I am sure," said Geoffrey, laughing.
"I suppose that your husband is going to stay on at Mrs. Jones's," said the clergy-

"Really, I don't know. What are you going to do, Geoffrey? Mrs. Jones' rooms are rather expensive for people in our impoverished condition. Besides, I am sure that she cannot look after Effie. think, she has eight children of her own. poor old dear. And I must take Anne with me; she is Effie's French nurse, you know, a perfect treasure. I am going to stay in a big house, and my experience of those big houses is that one never gets on at all unless pne takes a maid. You see, what is every-body's business is nobody's business. I'm sure I don't know how you will get on with the child. Geoffrey, she takes such a lot of

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Geoffrey Bingham, barrister, was shooting curlew on the Welsh coast at Bell Rock.
In trying to secure the game he had shot he became tidebound. Beautiful Beatrice Granger, an athletic young woman, with all the attributes of the ideal herome, appears in a canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and the stributes of the ideal herome, appears in a canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and the stributes of the ideal herome, appears in a canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and the stributes of the ideal herome, appears in a canoe and agrees to take him to Brynia and the stributes of the ideal herome.

custom, for in most other respects he dressed like an ordinary farmer), was safely conveyed to the fly.
And so ended Geoffrey's first day at Bryngelly Vicarage.

CHAPTER XI.

BEATRICE MAKES AN APPOINTMENT. On the following morning—it was Friday—Lady Ronoria, accompanied by Anne, departed in the very best of tempers. For the next three weeks, at any rate, she would be free from the galling associations of straitened means—free to enjoy the lux-ury and refined comfort to which she had yearned with a fierce longing that would be incomprehensible to folk of a simpler mind. Everybody has his or her ideal heaven, if only one could fathom it. Some would choose a sublimated intellectual leisure. the planets: some a model state (with themselves as presidents), in which the latest radical notions could actually (through their beneficent efforts) be got to work to everybody's satisfaction; others a happy hunting ground, where the game enjoyed the fun as much as they did: and so on, ad

Give her a well-appointed town and country house, a few powdered footmen, plenty of carriages, and other needful things, including, of course, the entree to the upper celes tial ten, and she would ask no more from age to age. Let us hope that she will get it one day. It would hurt nobody, and she is sure to find plenty of people of her own way of thinking—that is, if this world supplies

She embraced Effie with enthusiasm, and her husband with a chastened warmth, and went, a pious prayer upon her lips, that she might never set eyes upon Bryngelly again. It will not be necessary for us to follow Lady Honoria in her travels. That afternoon Effie and her father had great fun. They packed up. Geoffrey, who was rapidly recovering from his stiffness, pushed the things into the portmanteaus and Effie jumped on them. Those which would not go in they bundled loose into the fly, till that vehicle looked like an old clothes shop. Then, as there was no room left for them inside, they walked down to the Vicarage by the beach, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, stopping on their ful wife and running away from him for ex- | way to admire the beautiful castle, in one | corner of which Owen Davies lived and

must keep. It is most tiresome."

Geoffrey, sipping his tea, smiled grimly behind the shelter of his cup. "She does it me to live in. Why don't you, daddy?"

Innommonly well," he thought to himself.

"Haven't got the money," dear, he "Haven't got the money," dear, he answered.

"Will you ever have the money, daddy?"
"I don't know, dear; perhaps one day—
when I am too old to enjoy it," he added to "It would take a great many pennies to buy a bouse like that, wouldn't it, daddy?" said Effie, sagely. "Yes, dear, more than you can count,"

Presently they came to a boat shed, placed opposite the village and close to

het."
"I fancy that she has learnt a lesson," said Geoffrey.
"May be, may be," grumbled the old man, "but women folk are hard to teach; they never learn nothing till it's too late, they don't, and then when they've been and done it they're sorry, but what's the good o' that?"

"It is were the could of you take so much interest in me." said Beatrice. The could help taking interest in you." I have brought you some books, the 'Life' Darwin,' it is in two volumes. I think that I have heard you say that Darwin interests you."

"Yes, thank you very much. Have you read it?"

"No. but I have cut it. Darwin doesn't interest me, you know. I think that he was a rather misguided person. May I carry the books home for you?"

"Thank you, but I am not going straight home: I am going to old Edward's shed to see my canoe."

As a matter of fact this was true, but the idea was only that moment born in termind. Beatrice had been going home, as she wanted to see that all things were duly prepared for Geoffrey and his litt e daughter. But to get to the vicarage she must pass along the cliff, where there were few people, and this she did not wish tod. To be frank, she feared lest Mr. Davies should take the opportunity to make that offer off his hand and heart which hung over her like a nightmare. Now the way to El was very foolish of her. No dout, thus to seek to postpone the evil day, but the strongest minded women have there weak points, and this was one of Beatrice's. She hated the idea of this scene. She knue the would never propose in the village, and down the cliff, and she knew that when it did come there would be a scene. Not that her ersolution to refuse, and then what would her life be worth? She had never suspected, it had never eatered into her mind to suspect that, though her father might be vexed enough, nothing on this earth would more delight the heart of Elizabeth.

Presently, having fetched her hat, Beatrice, accompanied by her admirer, bearing on the kas down you was comen admirer, bearing on the heart on the life be worth? She had never suspected, it had never eatered into her mind to suspect that, though her father might be vexed enough, nothing on this earth would more delight the heart of Elizabeth.

Presently, having fetched her hat, Beatrice, accompanied by her admirer, bearing the

"How can I tell, Mr. Davies, Iv had rain."

"But if it does not rain—please tell me. You generally do walk on the beach on Sunday, Miss Beatrice. I want to speak to you. I hope you will allow me. I do indeed."

Then suddenly she came to a decision. This kind of thing was unendurable; it would be better to get it over. Turning round so suddenly that Owen started she said:

said:

"If you wish to speak to me, Mr. Davies, I shall be in the ampitheatre opposite the Red rocks at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, but I had much rather that you did not come. I can say no more."

"I shall come." he answered doggedly, and they went down the steps to the boatshed.

"Oh, look, daddy," said Effie, "here comes the lany who was drownedd rein.

sned.
"Oh, look, daddy," said Effie, "here comes the lady who was drownded with you, and a gentleman," and to Beatrice's great relief the child ran forward and met them.
"Ah!" thought Geoffrey to himself,
"that is the man Honoria said she was engaged to. Well, I don't think very much of
her taste."
In another minute they had arrived.
Geoffrey shook hands with Beatrice and
was introduced to Owen Playies, who mur-

Presently they came to a boat shed, placed opposite the village and close to high water mark. Here a man—it was old Edward—was engaged in mending a canoe. Geoffrey glanced at it and saw that it was the identical canoe out of which he had so nearly been drowned.

"Look, Effie," said he, "that is the boat out of which I was upset." Effie opened her wide eyes and stared at the frail craft.

"It is a horrid boat," she said; "I don't want to look at it."

"You're quite right, little miss," said old Edward, touching his cap. "It aint safe, and somebody will be drowned out of it one of these days. I wish it had gone to the bottom, I do: but Miss Beatrice, she is that foolhardy there ain't no doing nothing with her."

"I fancy that she has learnt a lesson," said Geoffrey.

"May be, may be," grumbled the old man, "but women folk are hard to teach; they never learn nothing till it's too late, they don't, and then when they've been and done it they're sorry, but what's the good o' CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

houses it has one never gets on at all unless must all warps must all and. You say what is every more following after. You have been any seven as the second of the child, despite after. You have been any seven as the control of the child, despite after. You have a seven and the control of the child, despite after. You have a seven and the control of the child, despite after. You have a seven and the control of the child, despite after the control of the child, despite after the control of the con

Fresently, having fetched her hat, Eeatrice, accompanied by her admirer, bearing the "Life of Darwin" under his arm, started to walk down to the beach. They went in silence, Beatrice iust a little ahead. She ventured some remark about the weather, but Owen Davies made no reply; he was thinking, he wanted to say something, but he did not know how to say it. They were at the head of the cliff now, and if he wished to speak he must do so quickly.

"Miss Beatrice." he said, in a somewhat constrained voice.

"Yes, Mr. Davies—oh, look at that seagull; it nearly knocked my hat off."

But he was not to be put off with the seagull. "Miss Beatrice." he said again, "are you going out walking next Sunday afternoon?"

"How can I tell, Mr. Davies? It may rain."

"But if it does not rain—please tell me. You generally do walk on the beach on Sunday. Then suddenly she came to a decision, This kind of thing was unendurable; it would be better to get it over. Turning round so suddenly that Owen started she said:

"If you wish to speak to me, Mr. Davies."

too. that she was doing a foolish thing from a worldly point of view. The man loved her and was very eligible. He only asked of her what most women are willing enough to give under circumstances so favorable to their well-being—herself. But she had never liked him, he had always repeiled her, and she was not a woman to marry a man whom she did not like. Also, during the last week this dislike and repulsion had hardened and strengthened. Vaguely, as he bleaded with ner, Beatrice wondered why, and as she did so her eye fell upon the pattern she was automatically pricking in the sand. It had taken the form of latters, and the letters were GE OFFRE. Great heaven! Could that be the answer? She blushed crimson with shame at the thought, and passed her foot across the tell-tale letters, as she believed, obliterating them.

Owen saw the softening of her eyes and saw the blush, and misinterpeted them. Thinking that she was relenting, by instinct, rather than from any teaching of experience, he attempted to take her shand. With a turn of the arm, so quick that even Elizabeth watching with all her eyes saw nothing of the movement, Beatrice twisted herself free.

"Don't touch me," she said sharply, "you have no right to touch me. I have answered you, Mr. Davies."

"Den't touch me." she said sharply, "you have no right to touch me. I have answered you, Mr. Davies."

Owen withdrew his hand abashed, and for a moment sat still, his chin resting on his breast, a very picture of despair. Nothing indeed could break the stoiid calm of his features, but the violence of his emotion was evident in the quick shivering of his limbs and his short deep breaths.
"Can you give me no hope?" he said at last, in a slow, heavy voice. "For God's sake, think before you answer-you don't know what it means to me. It is nothing to you-you can not feel. I feel, and your words cut like a knife. I know that I am heavy and stupid, but I feel as though you had killed me. You are heartless, quite heartless."

marked the music's time. Nearer and nearer drew Owen Davies, till at length he stood auite close, his lips stightly apart, his cyces fixed quon her like the eyes of one who dreams, and his slow, heavy face fainty lib draws he his slow, heavy face fainty lib draws he had and his draws due to the hing had heaved and his feet due he had not go the hand. He touched it and she turned and went. He touched it and she turned and went. He touched it and she turned and went out. I be the hing to him the one start his some what leaden sky, and now start his some what leaden sky, and how the deach lib draws and the with draws and then w

his moment a woman's shadow fell within.

I have you come back?" he cried, ging to his feet.

You mean Beatrice." answered a —it was Elizabeth's—"she went down each 10 minutes ago. I happened to the cliff, and I saw her."

I beg your pardon, Miss Granger," defaintly. "I did not see who it was." abeth sat down upon the rock where ister had sat, and, seeing the little in the beach, began indolently to clear of the sand which Beatrice had swept them with her foot. This was no diffinanter, for the holes were deeply dug, it was easy to trace their position. Into they were nearly all clear—that eletters were legible. thave had a talk with Beatrice, Mr.

going to marry Beatrice, Mr. ou going to marry beatrice, Mr. 'she asked.
t know," he answered slowly and surprise. It seemed natural to him own central thought should be in her mind. "I love her dearly, to marry her."
efused you, then?"

eth breathed more freely.
can ask her again."
eth frowned. What could this
lt was not an absolute refusal. Beas playing some came of her own,
did she put you off, Mr. Davies?
hink me inquisitive. I only ask benay be able to help you."
ow; you are very kind. Help me
all always be grateful to you. I do
w—I almost think that there must
body else, only I don't know who it said Elizabeth, who had been gaz-

said Envaoen, who had been gar-ntly at the little holes in the beach she had now cleared of the sand, rse that is possible. She is a curi-, Beatrice is. What are those let-Davies?" Davies?"

Oked at them idly. "Something ler was writing while I talked to emember seeing her do it."

OF F K E—Why, it must be meant frey. Yes, of course, it is possible re is somebody else, Mr. Davies. I—how curious."

is it curious, Miss Granger? Who eve?"

it curious, Miss Granger? Who y?"
th laughed a disagreeable little tsomehow attracted Owen's attention than her words.
dould I know? It must be some Beatrice's, and one of whom she ing a good deal, or she would not name unconsciously. The only that I know is Mr. Geoffrey Binghartister, who is staying at the and whose life Beatrice saved." sed to watch her companion's face, new idea creep across its stolidity. course," she went on. "it cannot ingham that she was thinking of, you see he is married."

Here she glanced at his face. It was outwardly caim, but white as death, and in the blue eyes, generally so placid, shone a fire that by contrast looked almost unholy.

"I think that you have said enough, Mr. Davies," she answered. "I am very much obliged to you. I am very nuch honored, for in some ways I am not your equal; but I do not love you, and I cannot marry you, and I think it best to tell you so plainly, once and for all," and unconsciously she went on digging the holes.

"Oh, do not say that," he answered, almost in a moan. "For God's sake don't say that! It will kill me to lose you. I think I should go mad. Marry me and you will learn to love me."

Beatrice glanced at him again, and a pang of pity pierced her heart. She did not know it was so bad a case as this. It struck her, too, that she was doing a foolish thing from a worldly point of view. The man loved her, and was very eligible. He only asked.

the fury, of her money-loving old father if he were to hear that she had refused—actually refused—Owen Davies of Bryngelly castle and all his wealth.

Then there was Elizabeth to be reckoned with. Elizabeth would assuredly make her life a burden to her. Beatrice little guessed that nothing would suit her sister's book better. Oh, if only she could shake the dust of Bryngelly off her feet! But that, too was impossible. She was quite without money. She might, it was true, succeed in getting another place as mistress to a school in some distant part of England, were it not for an insurmountable obstacle. Here she received a salary of £75 a year; of this she kept £15, out of which slender sum she contrived to dress herself; the rest she gave to her father. Now, as she well knew, he could not keep his head above water without this assistance, which, small as it was, made all the difference to their household between poverty and actual want. If she went away, supposing even that she found an equally well-paid post, she would require ever, farthing of the money to support herself; there would be nothing left to send home.

It was a pitiable position; here was she who had just refused a man worth thousands a year, quite unable to get out of the way of his importunity for the want of £75, paid quarterly. Well, the only thing sto do was to face it out and take her chances. On one point she was, however, quite clear; she would not marry Owen Davies. She might be a fool for her pains, but she would not do it. She respected herself too much to marry a man she did not love; a man whom she positively disliked. "No. never!" she exclaimed aloud, stamping her foot upon the shingle.

"Never what?" said a voice within two

were ration.

Were plants into the wontom, she did not love; a man whom a chairment of

hat I heavesel to mention I. There will the any of the country of

"What do you mean. Mr. Bingham?" she id. "I do not understand your dark say. Female Lobbyists, Quaint Claimants

about? There are many things on which we are diametrically opposed: let us start one."

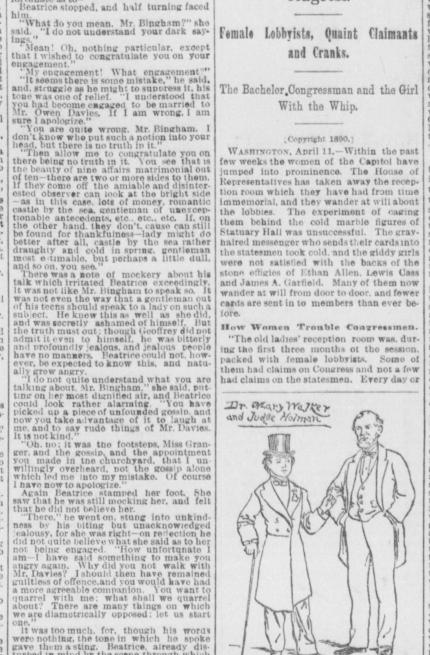
It was too much, for, though his words were nothing, the tone in which he spoke gave them a sting. Beatrice, already disturbed in mind by the scene through which she had passed, her breast aiready throbbing with a vague trouble of which she did not know the meaning, for once in her life lost control of herself and grew bysterical. Her gray eyes filled with tears, the corners of her sweet mouth dropped, and she looked very much as though she were going to burst out weeping.

'It is most unkind of you," she said with a half sob. "If you knew how much I have to but up with you would not speak to me like that. I know that you do not believe me. Very well. I will teil you the truth. Yes, though I have no business to do it, and you have no right—none at all—to make me do it. I will tell you the truth, because I cannot bear that you should not believe me. Mr. Davies did want me to marry him, and I refused him. I put him off for a while: I did this because I knew that if I did not he would go to my father. It was cowardly, but my father would make my life wretched," and again she gave a half-choked sob.

Much a man calls on a congressman his card is taken in by one of the doorkeepers. When a woman wishes to see a member of the House her card is carried in by a page, and it first has to go through this gray-haired messenger's hands. Many times

MAIDENS OF ALL AGES

Who Haunt the Halls of Congress.



while: I did this because I knew that if I did not he would go to my father. It was cowardly, but my father would make my life wretched," and again she gave a half-choked soh.

Much has been said and written about the effect produced upon men by the sight of a lady in or on the border line of tears, and there is no doubt that this effect is considerable. Man being in his right mind is deeply moved by such a spectacle; also he is frightened because he dreads a scene. Now most people would rather walk 10 miles in their dress shoes than have to deal with a young lady in hysterics, however modified.

Most congress was leaded to mittee of ways and means demanded the room.

When a man calls on a congressman his card is taken in by one of the doorkeepers. When a woman wishes to see a member of the House her card is carried in by a page, and it first has to go through this gray haired messenger's hands. Many times the observe that they are not and it was mittee of ways and means demanded the room.

When a woman wishes to see a member of the House her card is carried in by a page, and it first has to go through this gray haired messenger's hands. Many times the observe that they are not as a star and the force and it first has to go through this gray haired messenger's hands. Many times the construction.

I when a woman wishes to see a member of the House her card is carried in by a page, and it first has to go through this gray haired messenger's hands. Many times to ensure that they are not led to such that the woman, if she is a sharp as the ordinary female, goes up to the gallery and looks. She sees the man she wants in his seat, and comes down and the result is that the woman, if she is a sharp as the ordinary female, goes up the production of the construction.

deeple. Man being in his right mind is deeply moved by such aspectacle; also he is frightened because he dreads a scene. Now most people would rather walk 10 miles in their dress shees than have to deal with young lady in hysterics, however modified. Geoffrey, putting the peculiar circumstances of the case aside, was no exception to this rule. It was all very well to cross spears with Beatrice, who had quite an equal wt. and was very capable of retaliation, but to see her surrender at discretion was altogether another thing. Indeed he felt much ashamed of himself.

"Please don't-don't-be putont." he said. He did not like to use the word "cry." "In to have spok na s I did. I did not wish to force your confidence, indeed I did not. I never thought of such a thing. I am so sorry."

His remorse was evidently genuine, and Beatrice felt somewhat appeased. Perhaps sorry."

His remorse was evidently genuine, and Beatrice felt somewhat appeased. Perhaps sorry."

You did not force my confidence." she said, defiantly, quite forgetting that a moment before she had reproached him for making her speak. "I told you because I did not choose that you should think I was not speaking the truth—and now let us change the subject." She imposed no reserve on him as to what she had revealed; she knew that there was no necessity to do so. The secret would be between themanched they walked slowly on.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the radius of the gallery and looks. She sees the man she wants in his seat, and comes down and charges the boy with lying.

Most congressmen pay their board bills, but should thuy be in arrears it is not an unchanges the boy with lying.

Most congressmen pay their board bills, but should thuy be in arrears it is not an unchange the boy with lying.

Most congressmen pay their board bills, but should thuy be in arrears it is not an unchange the boy with lying.

Most congressmen pay their board barrears and he had been paying of the free looks of a rather lovely young lady of Washington, to whom he had been paying of the rea



and there are a couple of old ladies who have been here for a generation awaiting the settlement of a cotton claim. The claim is probably a just one, but Congress does not get at it, and they will be in their graves before it is settled. Their faces were fresh when they came here. They are wrinkled now, and there are crows' feet at their eyes. They bring their knittin a with them, and sit together in the galleries waiting and watching, and watching and waiting and watching, and watching and waiting and watching, and watching and waiting session in and session out.

Dr. Mary Walker has business of one kind or another with congressmen every year. She is a weazened, dried up little woman of perhaps 40 years of age, and she always wears the newest of gentlemen's clothes, cut to fit and of the latest style. She has a black silk hat on herehead and her straight, black, Indian-like hair, well oiled, hangs down from the brim of this hat. I have seen her talking to Judge Holman, leaning upon a dainty black cane while she poured her tale of woe into his grandfatherly ears.

A new lobbyist this session is a red-faced woman, with blue eyes and a rakish straw hat. She seems to be crazy, and imagines that it is her mission to catch Silcott. She addresses congressmen wherever she meets them, and they usually treat her well. A number of the women lobbyists are working for their own cases. Not a few widows in black are anxious to see pension bills put through.

Many of these women are well educated. They are ladies of refinement, are the wives of officers, and their claims are just. The Senate reception room always has a number of ladies on its comfortable sofas, and not infrequently a half-dozen senators are seated beside the fair ones, discussing their cases. This room is one of the beautiful rooms of the Capitol, and the claimants do considerable work in it. Most of the senators are very kind to women, and the only thing that angers them is the professional book agent, who calls them out with an engraved card and then asks t

wages of the women of the various departments raised, and she pushes all bills in favor of women's work.

The Witch of Endor is a crazy woman six feet tall and about 18 inches across the shoulders. She makes me think of the Woman in White of Wilkie Collins, and she is frightfully uzly. She wears a huge poke bonnet covered with ribbons, the colors of which swear at each other, and her long drawn out figure is half concealed by a long gray dress which falls straight from her shoulders to her feet like a Mother-Hubbard without its fulness. She sometimes wears a green silk shawl, and out of her poke bonnet fringed with frowsy gray hair, is a skull-like face covered with sallow skin. Her eyes are gray and the lids are as red as if she had been crying since the day she was born. She wears heavy Arctic overshees and she glides along so quietly that you are always scared whenyon see her and imagine that one of the Capitol ghosts is after you. She is harmless, however, and no one pays any attention to her.

can to benefit women. She wants the wages of the women of the various departments raised, and she pushes all bills in

The Business Women of the Capitol. There are a number of women who make their living in the Capitol building. There is a pretty telephone girl connected with the Senate who will "hello" for you to any part of Washington, and who has to do this service for many a senator. There is a mid-dle-aged typewriter just off the corridor of the House, whose machine clicks in rethe House, whose machine clicks in response to the dictation of many a congressman. There are lunch stands in many parts of the corridors, presided over by women, and the little old apple woman, who sits in the window recess near the main door of the House, has many customers.

She is a very poor woman, and her face bears the lines of hardsho. Fromptly at the opening of the House every day she squats down here on the floor with her apples, her basket beside her, and peddles them out at the rate of three for five cents to

squats down here on the floor with her apples, her basket beside her, and peddles them out at the rate of three for five cents to all comers. Many of the leading congressmen are great apple eaters, and she often sells to fom Reed, Ben Butterworth and Joe Cannon. The lunch stand at the side of Statuary Hall is largely patronized by the newspaper correspondents, and you may see congressman and journalist buying of this old lady here. Her stock consists of sandwiches and pie, and she furnishes the best of milk to wash down the solids.

Farther on is Aunt Clara, the neted Frenchwoman of the Capitol. She has been here for 40 years, and she has not grown a day older in the last two decades. She does the biggest business of any woman in the Capitol, and she sells photographs of public men, souvenirs made of the build of mashed greenbacks, guide books and relies. She is as spry as a cricket, notwithstanding that she must be in her seventies. Her hair is still brown and her cheeks are as rosy as those of the Capitol brides who buy of her. She knows all the statesmen of the Capitol, well, and at the opening of each session she greets such men as Hoar. Sherman and Edmunds with a semi-embrace, putting out both her hands and shaking theirs cordially. She has been here longer than any of them, and the only person in the Capitol who can compare with her in term of service is old Messenger Bassett, who began as a page in the Senate, and who is here yet.

who began as a page in the Senate, and who is here yet.

Aunt Clara knew Clay and Webster, and she has talked with John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. She was a strong Union woman, and during the war she used to go over to the Senate and wave a silk flag whenever a Union speech was made. It was Charles Summer who helped her hold her place in this corridor, and she will continue to stay here as long as she lives. She has made money out of her sales, and it is said that she has sent her boy through Yale College, and given her daughter a European education. Aunt Clara knew Gen. Grant, and Grant wrote her an autograph letter from Mt. McGregor in response to one she sent asking for his autograph and saying she hoped he would recover.

Women Correspondents in the Capi-The ladies who correspond here now deote themselves almost entirely to society. the description of dresses and of prospective engagements and weddings. Mary Clemmer Ames used to write a great many criticisms of public men and measures, and she had a high rank as a litterateur. At present there is scarcely a woman who dees this class of work; and it seems to me the Capitol offers a field for some bright female pen. Mary Clemmer got \$3000 a year from the Independent for writing a letter a week, and she also wrote editorials for the Brooklyn Eagle. She must have

time of her death, some years ago.
Miss Grundy, Jr. MY GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY.

TAIL FAN.

he pride of the forest was slaughtered to make My grandmother's turkey-tail fan. or common occasions it never was meant; I was kept safely hidden with careful intent.

In camphor to keep out the moths.

Twas famed far and wide through the whole country side, From Beersheba e'en unto Dan; and often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed. My grandmother's turkey-tall fan. amnmeetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.

And exhorted the sinners to pray.

And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong.
Psaimody leading the van;
Old Hundred, I know, 'twas its favorite song.
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan. fig for the fans that are made nowadays. Suited only to frivolous mirth; A different thing was the fan that 1 praise. Yet it scorned not the good things of earth. At bees and at quiltings, 'twas aye to be seen; The best of the gossips began When in at the doorway had entered serene,

Tradition relates of its wondrous tales, hough shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales An odor of hymnbooks and snuff. Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace;

'Twas limned for the future to scan, Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face, My grandmother's turkey-tail fan. One of Mayor Hart's Duties.

(Washington Post.)
Nearly 30 years ago a young Englishman named Robert Brown left his native Surrey and came to America. for several years he corresponded with his sister at home, then the letters grew infrequent, and finally ceased. When last heard from he was in Boston. The sister wrote, only to have her letters retuened through the dead letter office, mark. "Not found." Finally in despair, as a lift resort, she addressed a letter to "President Harrison. Washi gton. D. C. U. S. A., "felating these facts and imploring his aid in finding her brother. This letter found its address a few weeks ago.

Instead of going into the waste basket it was forwarded to Mayor Hart of Boston, with a request that he look Mr. Brown up. In a short time response came that Robert Brown was dead, leaving two sons, both prosperous young business men in Boston, and the news was seat to their aunt in Surrey last week.

A Versatile and Energetic Editor.

[Fair Haven (Conn.) Herald.]
To go out among the stumps, build a To go out among the stumps, build a house, put in three presses and other machinery, lay type, get a steam engine in working order, answer 4,000,000 questions, cuss a telegraph boy, find time to get a napin 48 hours, be on time for one meal a day, eatch the mails, properly maledict the type foundry that sent wrong fonts, hit your thumb nail with a hammer and be calm about it afterward, refuse invitations to drink, light a pipe filled with damp tobacco, write editorials calculated to brace up the republic, edit telegraph, cut out miscellany with a chisel—in short, to start a newspaper from the ground up—is quite a job, thank you, but time and printers' ink work wonders.

Unwarranted Presumption. [Chicago Tribune.]
First New Yorker (looking at copy of late

magazine)-'Ere's gall. Second New Yorker-What have you found? "A harticle hentitled 'Suggestions for the Next World's Fair. 'Ow does the blooming hidiot know there'll be fairs 'eld in the next world, baw Jove?"

The Nutmer Brand. [Harper's Bazar.] Will-Power-I have cured myself of smok-

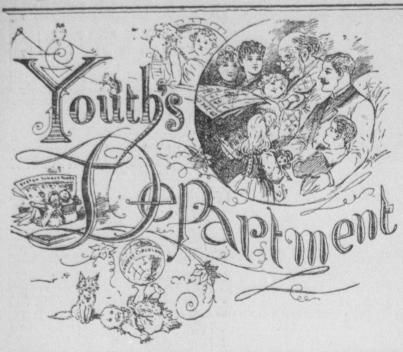
ing, major.

Major Domo-How did you do it?

Will-Power-Bought a box of country

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1890.

because you see he is married."
"Married?" he said, "yes, but he's a man
for all that, and a very handsome one."



#### EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

cents to boot!"

the money.

..... By John Burroughs

since." said Alley, "Cobbs says he's lost nearly 'bout \$2000 fighting pa."

"He's powerful mean, too." said Sally.

the time runs out, when, like as not, rely-

A number of tales followed, bearing on

MUZZLED BEAR WAS BEING LED UP.

some of them were, with piteous hints of

Yet there were darker shades to the pict-

He belonged to the infamous Dick Barna.

bas band. Black river people had a saying

ord, the exterminator of the guerillas

without his neck growing red under the

"So you see." said Col. Seyton, smiling

Dawsey isn't too squeamish to undertake

such a job. He knows how timid the darkeys are, too, and that I am drawn on the

grand jury, and have to be off to the Rock

omorrow. It's a scheme, sure enough.

Still, he may be as innocent as I am. Here's

He pointed to the right, where a wide cot-

ton field shouldered its brown rows out of

The ragged stalks were spattered with

row of mulberry trees. The black, gam-

either windowless or having barred shut-

ding of aspect, gloomed behind the trees

for any show of life it gave. A broken

chimney leaned perilously away from the

Yet there were signs of habilitation; half

black swine grunting through the tousle of dead plantain weeds, which, perhaps, had

been a garden, and between the mulberry

trees and the road a fire of brush, over

which was suspended the huge iron kettle

fence and turned an incurious, weary eye

Cecil noticed that a little human figure

had crept into sight from behind the iron pot. It was a boy's figure, barefooted, bare-

headed-the hair was white and tossed by

the wind-clothed, hardly covered by a tat-

tered suit of brown jean. The child's face one could see was thin and pale, but he had

"Howdy, Larry," said Sally, nodding.
"Howdy, boy." This was from the colonel.

The boy darted a timid look at the house

But he came. He stid his foot up and down

his leg and stared furtively at the children.

He had a melancholy, thin little voice

"What did you have for breakfast, Larry

"Nary. Haint had breakfas'." said Larry

"He," jerking his little spear of a thumb

'Why? Up late last night at a festival? said the colonel, grimly, and then repent-

ing of questioning a child, he held out a

us if your uncle will let you. Go on, Ally!

triumphant, with a hard biscuit, a demora

Well, good morning, boy, come and see

But Ally was rummaging in that bewil-

lering pocket of his. He emerged finally

One would say he was not older than 10.

over his shoulder, "he ain't up yit."

"Naw, sir. Makin' soap."

'Cooking your breakfast?" said the

eager blue eyes. He stared at the wagon. "Howdy, Larry," shouted Ally.

twist of an imaginary rope.

his place."

the swamp.

of the South.

he was out last night."

upon them.
"I reckon," said the colonel.

that he never could meet old Col. Ruther

ure of the mean man of the community.

WE ALL (continued)..... HOW TO OBSERVE NATURE ..... HOW TO HANDLE A SHOTGUN......By Maurice Thompson

Octave Thanet's Story of Youthful Life and Adventure in Arkansas. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

> CHAPTER V. "THE MEANEST MAN." HERE was no longer



were for running at They rattled a fusilade of question and omment on their father, who, between his answers, contrived to help Cecil to a new

notion of Arkansas. He was astounded to discover how peaceful. honest, free from violence, was the supposed home of carnage and the bowie knife. "Why," declared the colonel. "I haven't known a man killed in five years. Twenty years ago, maybe-oh, well, I'm not talking about 20 years ago, or during the 'grayback

times, it's now 'the living present,' as the 'And honest? I assure, Cecil, Aunt Valley is the only person in the bottom who feels bound to lock up at night, and she"-the colonel chuckled-"she hasn't got a key on earth-calls it locking up when she turns the button. That is what puzzles me about this racket. We haven't any tough characters in the neighborhood. The race question doesn't amount to a row of pins here, where the whites outnumber the negroes.

It must be either a wild hoax or some personal anmity to me. Why to you, Col. Seyton?" "Because they are all my tenants. We had a large crop this year, and dirty weather in October. The cotton pickers who come down every year from Missouri got discouraged and lit out, as we say. Now, it will take all bands to pick the rest of the cotton before Christmas. If they can scare off my tenants I am likely to lose a heap of my cotton before I can get it to the gin. Besides blasted hearthstones and years of denial there are the farms standing empty. A bad

lookout all around, you understand." Well, I know who did it," spoke up Sally, whose cheeks were flushed like a Dawsey was no native Arkansan. A bubble

"No, you don't know, sis," said Ally, "you can't know." Ally had gleams of the "canny Scotchman." Wall. I'm sure as sure. It's that hateful

old man Dawsey. He's always trying to do us a meanness."

he remained in the valley a guerilla or kite at large.

gazing and grinning at Cecil.

Cecil was only conscious Spider's oats," Ally remarked, musingly.
"Well, we won't say be did until we

know." said Col. Seyton, getting his one arm over on the back seat, the better to pat Sally's shoulder; "that is, outside. This is confidential." Sure." said Ally.

"Certainly, Col. Seyton," said Cecil. Sally only squeezed her father's hand and rubbed the bare wrist against her rose-leaf

They are like dad and me." Cecil thought, with a little contraction of the heart, a homesick craving for a sight of the dear tigure which every minute was bearing swiftly farther and farther away from

Yet I believe it was from that instant that he began to like Sally. Who is Mr. Dawson, please?" said he,

diverting his thoughts with the nearest pre-text: why need he be such a baby as to want to cry every time he thought of dad?
"Dawsey!" said the Colonel, "Dawsey. Well, he is the man who enjoys the undis-

puted title of the meanest man in the coun-He lives a little way farther on. When he bought the farm there was a fine orchard. He cut down every tree and turned it into a cotton field because the boys took his

"He owned that old woodpile in the woods. It isn't what you would call a commodious dwelling, is it? And a man died of hydro phobia there to the bargain. He died in such an awful way nobody would live in the house. But old Aunt Valley's cabin burned down, and she is suspected of being a conjure woman herself"-I beg pardon," from Cecil.

'Maybe you all would call her a witch. She protests that she is only a bone-setter and a 'yarb doctor,' but being a crossgrained old woman with trained mules you can't expect people to let her off so easily. staded that she threw hazards into old Aunt Crecy Miller. At any rate, not being social like most darkeys, she didn't mind living alone; and she says, furthermore, that Daw sey promised her the house and land rent free, only agreeing to plant corn for his stock. He claims she promised to pay \$15 stock. He claims she promised to bay \$15 a year and one-third of her cree. And he showed a contract to that effects, he stayed there two years, then he came down for the rent of his house and six acres, declaring that he had not been paid a cent. She says she only cultivated three acres and helped put the other three in corn for his stock, and hen she signed the contract she thought i was to release her from any other liability. She can write her name, but can't read

writing without her spectacles. "The court, however, was bound by the evidence, and the contract held good. So he got a judgment for two years' rent and distrained her mule.'

'Yes, and he took poor Mrs. Whitehead's cows." cried Sally. "His dogs were forever chasing her cows and making them wild. and one day she took down her gun when she saw the dog after her cows-they were ust naturally coming into the yard-and she shot the dog. He was the meanest dog. awful big and fierce; he nearly killed off poor Henri, our dog, the cutest dog you "He just naturally would have killed

Henri," interrupted Ally, "only Sis chucked a heap of pepper in his eyes. Wish I'd been there to hear him holler!"

Sally waved the interruption aside. "And then, if you please, Mr. Dawsey got the constable and swore lies, and papa and mamma were away at Rowan mountain, and he got that poor woman's two cows and the gun that her husband carried in the war and she set the whole world by. And one

"But when papa got home he fixed him. said Ally, with his grin.

Yes, he did, He got a writ of repletion and the cows back except one was dead, and it was her pet cow, too!" Sally cried, her eyes growing bigger and bigger in her in-

then the schoolhouse and the store; at last the high bank of the river, and over the river, among the wooded hills, Cecil could e the tall columns and carved pediment of the porch, the spacious white walls and gabled roof of the big house.

The ferry was waiting for them, a flatboat

on a wire rope, with a grinning negro boat-

Col, Seyton instantly demanded the news and received Aunt Valley's story with divers inflations and adornments and one important omission-Rufe did not know of any one being killed. Across the ferry they drove swiftly up the winding avenue of live oaks, and at the house door a slender lady, with sweet smile

soft arms and kissed him.
"The dear boy! How glad we are to have you! How much he looks like his father,'

and bright, dark eyes, took Cecil into her

CHAPTER VI.

Cacil was awakened next morning by a flood of golden light and the rattle of sticks on the hearth. For a moment all he could see was a plaided back and a woolly head framed by the flames which Vance was blowing. He awoke with that dizzy sense of dejection which comes to any one who has forgotten a trouble in sleep as soon as his oblivion is broken.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "I'm here, and dad is gone!" The interest which he had taken yester .. By Octave Thanet ure of distributing his gifts. the flattery of welcome-somehow all had dropped flat. Yesterday there was a kind of romance about the old mansion built before the war. One pictured a rude half feudal magnifi-cence belonging to those old days, when solemnly. "There was an old colored every guest was offered his valet and his woman wintered a hen with him, and when horse as he is offered his hot water in the every guest was offered his valet and his

morning nowadays.

Cecil was fond of reading stories of she came for the hen he said the bill was 25 cents, though he promised to keep her for the eggs, and when she offered him the hen | knights and ladies and tourneys. He had for the bill ('cause she is so poor she always' (though he had kept it shyly to himselt) a has to buy shoes too large for her, 'cause great notion of chivalry. He wished that they don't wear out so soon), why, then he he had been born in time to follow Richard won't take it. He made her give him 10 the Lion Hearted to Palestine. He wouldn't have run away from him. Never! Last night there was a faint reminder of Cecil tried to restrain his laughter, but

seeing the colonel's shaking shoulders was his dreams in the stories which he heard, too much, he laughed aloud and merrily.

The slaves might serve for retainers, and "That's right, boy," said the colonel: there were real battles fought within riding then more gravely: "The worst thing the distance where men had been killed; and a fellow does is loaning out money to poor duel and a ghost and a beautiful distracted farmers and merchants on mortgage, lady with her hair down figured in the wheedling them into believing that he will legends. Altogether, Cecil was a good deal wait several years longer than specified in cheered: life was not going to be so com the note, and then jumping down on the in- monplace after all. He was amused at the stant there is a day's delay of interest or plantation store; he thought the old gin picturesque. He was flattered by Alan and ing on his promise to renew, they haven't Sally's obvious admiration. the money."

"It's not half bad, though everything is

awfully shabby," thought Master Cecil, this trait of Dawsey. Cruel enough, too. condescendingly. But this morning - how bare the big room looked! Its careful neatness could

not hide the weather blotches or the odd old wall papers, the sunken bricks of the fireplace, the clamsiness of the iron firedogs, the lack of furniture. There were prints from illustrated papers, tastefully enough framed in glossy manula paper, with brass tacks, grouped on the wide expanse of wall. The prints were well chosen, the effect was pretty, but the young critic ould tell at a glance that they were wooduts and not etchings; hadn't he brought a ne Van Elten to Mrs. Seyton and explained o Sally what a remarque proof was? I fear r. Seyton himself did not know before.

VANCE TRUNDLING IN A BATHTUB.

"We don'ta steal no boys," said he;
"there's ben a half-starved boy coma here,
get somefin to eata. We no keep him, Mista

Dawsoy."
Quick as a flash the man had jumped from his mule and darted round the tent. A shriek met him.
The woman and man exchanged glances. There was a touch of pity in the woman's.
The man muttered something in Italian. Only Cecil understood that he said;"No use. It would get us into trouble."
Almost instantly Dawsey reappeared, dragging after him the same forlorn little boy whom Cecil had seen the day before. The man was lashing the child savagely with the thorn branch. He seemed beside himself with rage.

himself with rage.

The child hung limply on his arm, not struggling, neither crying—his wild eyes glancing desperately about him. All at once those despairing eyes fell on the children. As if animated by new strength the farce little creature wrenched his best free.

fierce little creature wrenched his head free, and with a swift movement, like a rat, sank his teeth into the arm that held him.

The pain made Dawsey relax his hold. Before his free fist could clench and strike, the boy was flying across the "slash."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO OBSERVE NATURE.

John Burroughs Gives a Few Hints

to Young People.

Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.

To teach young people or old people how

o observe nature is a good deal like trying

to teach them how to eat their didner. The

first thing necessary in this latter case is a

good appetite; this given, the rest follows

very easily. And in observing nature,

unless you have the appetite, the love, the

spontaneous desire, you will get little satis-

everywhere, plenty of them. I think I seldom miss a bird in my walk if he is within

eye or ear shot, even though my mind be not intent upon that subject. Walking

along the road this very day, feeling a cold,

driving snowstorm. I saw some large birds

in the top of a maple as I passed by. I do not know how I came to see them, for I was

not in an ornithological frame of mind. But I did. There were three of them feed-

ing upon the buds of the maple. They were nearly as large as robins, of a dark ash

likely to come in mild winters as severe

He was aroused by Vance trundling in a bathtub and depositing a steaming bucket of water on the carpet, with a cheerful irresponsibility as to the result on the carpet, possible only to a negro.
"Mis' Sally 'low ye like bave yo'seff like Mist' Ally an' Missy," said Vance, giving

Cecil a view of all his ivory. He spent an hour, later, describing to the and struggle which must end only in ruin.

Beginning a sort of sutler or camp-kite.

sound of thumps and whacks followed by stifled howls, came in through the passageway as soon as Vance retired.

'Only Aunt Cinda training Vance," the colonel observed drily; "he was uncommonly inattentive this morning." The table Cecil thought, was on a level

visible, who was rubbing some kind of liniment on a horse's shoulder, must be the often-quoted Cobbs. He had expected a giant, but here stood only a round-shouldered little thin man, in shabby jeans, with a drooping black mustache and a restless, merry black eye.

Ally hailed him joyously: "Say, Cobbs."
Cobbs might have answered had there not appeared a very curious interruption. Down the steep bank a big mule came leaping and stumbling, and galloped up to the woman and bear.

The mule's rider was an elderly man, short, but very strongly built, whose gray hair was long enough to blow in the wind, and whose sallow face was clean shaven. He wore a slouch hat and a suit of cheap clothes, but whole and passably clean. There was nothing striking in his appearance, except the look of fury in his face, As he rode he lashed his mule with a cruel thorn-tree branch. He reined in the beast. In a loud tone he demanded, it might be of the woman it might be of the woman it might be of the woman began a voluble disclaimer of having any boy; but the man interrupted her.

"We don'ta steal no boys," said ha: with the service. He searched his memory of other houses for such cheap crockery or for plated silver; yet here and there an exquisite cut-glass dish and one Sevres plate mingled with the common ware. "They lost all their silver in the war." sagely concluded Cecil, "and they aren't

rich enough to buy more."

He pitied them sincerely, if with a dash of condescension in his pity. Really they were, on the whole, very well-bred people,

white from the "last picking" of cotton. A narrow road had been cut clumsily through the field, disappearing behind a though-what was it that amusing English man called the funny Western congressman?-provincial. Yes, the Seytons were brel-roofed house, large, apparently, yet provincial. Meanwhile he politely praised Aunt Cin-

ters, therefore the more lonely and forbidda's corn dodgers, eating more than he It owned a gallery, but about this gallery wished. The unconscious colonel smiled on him was none of the hospitable disorder of the well pleased, and Mrs. Seyton studied his country, no meal sacks, no saddles, no face with affectionate eyes, thinking—"he is like Tom. I wish he hadn't that superguns. It might have been a deserted house

cilious mouth, like Nellie Hopkins', but it is Tom's honest, bright smile." The talk, of course, turned on the news of yesterday. Col. Seyton's investigations a dozen gaunt cows in the road, a cackle of poultry in the barmyard, some sharp-backed had only confirmed Aunt Valley's tale, except as to Aunt Pearl Hotchkiss. who was mightily surprised to be told of her own tragic end. But she had heard the maraud. ers. They had "swarmed aouter de woods,

shootin' an' hollerin'." She reckoned that there were "nearly baout a hundred;" any-While they looked, for Alan had checked how, there were "fo' ur five, kase de swag groun' by de pigpen been all tromped up. the herses, a brown horse with a white face None of the victims had been hurt. But rose up behind the fence.

"Look at him, all covered with mud, and all were scared beyond sensible speech; and not one of them had patched together his his hair roughed," said Ally; "he looks like courage enough to ride to "de big house. The horse hung a dejected head over the with the news that night.

"If ever there was a nuisance it's my having to go to Little Rock on the grand ury, today," said the colonel, "but youwhat's the matter. Vance?" Vance had a folded paper in his hand and a look of solemn importance on his

apish visage.
"Please sah. Mist' Morgan he got a tele graph fum de Ridge by de telephone. He done writ it aout an' sen' it hup by Lish. Hit fo' Mis' Seyton, he say, an' he tickler baout she git it."

The colonel snatched the paper to read the despatch, which he instantly handed to his wife with a loud exclamation. Cecil admired beauty in woman. His mother was a beautiful woman who considered herself a beautiful one, in which belief she received plenty of encourage-ment. He had heard discussions of famous beauties' looks ever since he was a little fellow in a velvet suit leaning against his mother's knee and staring at the fine ladies over the tea tray. He wondered to himself if mamma would call cousin Sally hand-

some. At any rate, she had fine eyes and a thing that won him—something like the cameos and the statues in her broad, low cameos and the statues in her broad, low but I instantly knew them to be pine grostiantly that wav her hair grew back from the far north. I had not seen While he stared a flush and a pallor swept over the sweet face.
"Dick, I must go with you," said she.
There was an almost imperceptible inclination of Col. Seyton's head in Cecil's direc-

I shall leave everything with Sally," said s. Seyton, smiling. low for the first time Cecil thought that ized slice of cake, and a black lump of gum.

"There!" was Master Ally's breathless comment, "Put the cracker in for myself and took the cake home for ma. Maybe and took the cake home for ma.

always 'lowing she's going to die. She got profitable intimacy with nature. Above all her kin up to Little Rock last September, 'cause she was going to die, and she and again: verify your observations. Be never did die at all." and again; verify your observations. Be sure the crow is pulling corn and not probnever did die at all."

"She is a very sick woman, the doctor says and he asks me to come," said Mrs. Seyton, quietly. "I don't think my boy would want me to refuse."

"Yes, I would every time," said Alan, not the sparrows, before you declare them recovery.

"Yes. I would every time," said Alan, morosely.

"I had depended on you for this other affair." said Col. Seyton.
"You will have to do as you suggested to me this morning," said Mrs. Seyton.
She smoothed away all the objections, somehow, so quietly that it hardly seemed that she did it but rather as if the objectors had thought better of their mind them.

"Yes. I would every time," said Alan, mother shall be used to said all and the shall be required.

I one day saw humming birds apparently probing the ripe yellow cheeks of my finest peaches, but I was not surprised till 1 saw a bird hovering over a particular peach, and then mounting upon a ladder lexamined tit. when, sure enough, the golden cheek was full of pinholes.

was full of pinholes. selves. Cecil scarcely realized that she was going, The orioles destroy many of my earliest remembering the confusion of hurrying servants, the bustle of leave-taking which attended his own mother's denarture, until he saw her standing in her travelling dress in the great dingy hall, and could hear the negro driver scolding his horses. A moment later only the sound of wheels on the gravel returned to them; the planter and his wife were cone. pears, but it required much watching to catch them in the very act. I once saw a phæbe bird swoop down upon a raspberry bush and carry a berry to a rail on a near tence, but I did not therefore jump to the conclusion that the phoebe was a berryreturned to them; the planter and his wife were gone.
"Well, I'm glad Cobbs ain't gone, too," growled Ally. "I most wish Aunt Ernestine would die and be done with it; she's always dying."

The berry. How do I know? Because I saw it extract something from the berry and fly away.

growled Ally. "I most wish Aunt Ernestine would die and be done with it; she's always dying."

A strong sense of injury grew on him with the remembrance, and he continued:

"Say. Cecil, what you think she did when she came to visit mamma, who she always says is her favorite niece? She said I could have a birthday party. She proposed it and she was going to give me a cake and send to the Rock for ice cream; truly, store ice cream, you know, not frozem custand, like and tinde and the doctor came, and and in the good it. As no man ever found a swallow in such a state and place, how could the notion ever get started? Gibert White, could offer as his reason but the merest shadow of evidence that such was the case, she up and begins dying, and then I had to send every one of 'em home and the doctor came, and—and'—Ally's voice was choked at the dire climax—"Vance and Judy had just got the ice cream out of the mould, you know, t'etch it in, and they set it down to make haste to get her medicines and propick round for her, and that fool Vance set it down on the stove and it plumb metted! Urr! I like Cobbs a head better. Cobbs says he don't want to die till he must, and then he'll be dead long enough."

"Who is Cobbs?" said Cecil.

Sally explained that Cobbs had been their father's orderly during the war, and was planed. Having been apprenticed to a limb by a thread or string about the neck, and some better. Cobbs says he don't want to die till he must, and then he'll be dead long enough."

"Who is Cobbs?" said Cecil.

Sally explained that Cobbs had been their father's orderly during the war, and was planed. Having been apprenticed to a some propick round for her, and that the life was a wilker who are the reset to the comment tragedy for birds that make use of strings in building their nests to get him and a cray bird with a black mark running through the easy of young birds in the need, and some been a brown and a cray bird with a black mark running through the easy of the propice of the string through the great propic

A boy in the interior of the State wrote to me the other day that, while in the field looking after Indian arrow-heads, he had seen a brown and a gray bird with a black mark running through the eye, and that the bird walked instead of hopped. He said it had a high shrill whistle, and flew like a meadow lark.

The boy is a natural observer; he noted that the bird was a walker. Most of the birds hop or jump, keeping both feet together. A late work on our birds speaks of the robin as hopping and bounding along on the ground. The robin is a runner; it takes regular steps, but it takes them very swiftly. This boy heard his bird afterward in the edge of the evening, and "followed it quite a ways, but could not get a glimpse of it." He had failed to note the crest on its head, and the black spot on its breast, for doubtless his strange bird was the shore lark, a northern bird, that comes to us in flocks in the late fall or early winter, and of late years has become a permanent resident of certain parts of New York State. I have heard it in full song above the hills in Delaware county, after the manner of the Epglish skylark. Dut its song was a crude, feeble, broken affair compared with that of the skylark.

These birds thrive well in confinement. I had one seven months in a cage while living in Washington. It was disabled in the wing by a gunner, who brought its to me. Is wound soon healed; it took food readily it soon become tame, and was an object of much laterest and amusement. The cage in which I had hastily put it was formerly a case filled with stuffed birds. Its front was glass, As it was left out upon the porch over night a strange cat discovered the bird through this glass she plunged and captured the bird. In the morning there was the large hole in the glass was such a racket about her eyes and ears as she sprang and the pretty lark was gone. I have always indulged a fannt hope that the glass was such a racket about her eyes and ears as she sprang the first of the study.

butcher, he made admirable sausage meat, and having served a winter in a confectioner shop, he knew how to freeze to cream. He was also a fair carpenter, and mended tinware.

"There ain't anything in this world Cobbs can't do if he sets his mind on it," declared Ally, stoutly. "Say, there's no school, let's go and see him."

Cecil was ready enough for the walk, and the three sallied forth in search of Cobbs. pretty lark was gone. I have always indulged a faint hope that the glass was such a surprise to the cat, and made such a racket about her eyes and ears as she sprang gainst it that she beat a hasty retreat, and that the bird escaped through the break. HOW TO HANDLE A SHOTGUN. Advice to Boys by the Veteran Sports-

obbs.

He was not at the smithy. The helper old them that he had gone to see a sick orse (Cobbs was likewise a horse doctor) at man, Maurice Thompson. be gypsies' camp. To the gypsies' camp, accordingly, they ollowed Cobbs, walking along the high [Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.] The first good shotgun that I ever saw bank, overlooking a cypress slash.

The canvas wagons, the jaded and roughcoated horses, the blazing campfire and a
group of tawny, black-haired children with
enough bits of scarlet and yellow to make was a double-barreled, flint-locked one, whose stock had been made out of a curly maple root, and whose mountings were of pewter. It was a clumsy affair, but its bar-

made" one which I have described,

The barrels were 34 inches long and about equal in bore to our 16-gauge pieces. I mention this gun on account of the young man who used it, for he was the sur-



READY! est wing shot that I ever saw pull trigger In a trial of skill he killed 41 quails before missing one, and that, too, in bad sassafras

cover, where the birds rose out of most difficult places. How had he become so proficient? To such an inquiry I should answer: always kept cool and always looked at his bird." Really this thing of looking at your bird, simple as it may seem, is the largest part of successful shooting on the wing with the shotgun. The shooter who looks at his gun when about to fire is never a brilliant

marksman. While you are bearing this rule in mind let me tell you how to learn to aim a shotgun. It is a very simple thing when you

have mastered it. Lift the weapon with both hands, the right clasping the stock just below the guard, the left supporting the barrels. Look with both eyes steadily at the object to be shotat, and at the same time bring the midrib of the barrels straight under the line of vision of the right eye. stantly. Never attempt to sight along the directly under your line of aim. So soon as you are able to point your weapon withou looking directly at it you may be sure that the worst is over, and that you will be fair shot after a little practice.

When you are ready to go into the field to shootgame you must keep well in mind the following rules for handling your gun: 1. Never let the muzzle of your piece point

ing upon the buds of the maple. They were nearly as large as robins of a dark ash color, very plump, with tails much forked.

What were they? My neighbor did not know; had never seen such birds before. But I instantly knew them to be pine grosbeaks from the far north. I had not seen them before for 10 years. A few days previously I had heard one call from the air as it passed over: I recognized the note, and hence knew that the birds were about. They come down from the north at irregular intervals, and are seen in flocks in various parts of the States. They seem just as likely to come it mild winters as service. Target practice is well enough to train the



this department, and

in one short article, a

description of the

army, but it is called



what they want to know upon the subject. never have tried it. We have 10 regiments of cavalry, 12

He spent an hour, later, describing to the group in the kitchen, who quite forgot breakfast in their interest, the amazing splendors of the guest's toilet arrangements, his silver-backed brushes, his somes, his towels, his glass bottles "dat be neut plum ober lak a waffle."

So impressed was Vance, indeed, that he had sof a bastraction during breakfast, in which he was lost to all outside sounds, gazing and grinuing at Cecil was only conscious that the service was very queer, particularly when the angry notes of a woman's voice and a month of the street and yellow to make their rags picturesque, very score to the dether rags picturesque, very score to the their rags picturesque, very score that the the fight a drowsy-looking mewter. It was a clumsy affair, but its barrels were as good and as fine as any that I have since seen. I remember very well the carvings on the breech and fore part of the stock, all of which were rude but singularly effective representations of birds and other animals. The locks were beautifully engaged and grinuing at Cecil was only conscious that the ment on a horse's should them the drowsy-looking member, it was a clumsy affair, but its barrels were as good and as fine as any that I have since seen. I remember very well the carvings on the breech and fore part of the equipped, each regiment in the English service sepectally having a distinctive the stock, all of which were rude but singularly effective representations of birds and other animals. The locks were beautifully engaged in the process of the even and the equipped, each regiment in the English service sepectally normed. Mounted and equipped, each regiment in the English service sepectally naving a distinctive the stock, all of which were rude but singularly effective representations of birds and other the woman would scold him and hit him with a stick. A man lay on the ground, propring in she ad on his hand and smoking and grinuing at Cecil.

The locks were as good and as fine as any that I was calcumstant to the equipped, eac

It was of Spanish make, and had been any of our regiments of horse one from Mexico in the time of our war ful silken guidon borne by each troop.

Helmets, with long plumes of yellow hair; dark blue tunics, with yellow trimmings; light blue trousers, with yellow stripes, all tend to give our dragoons a decidedly waspy, gaudy look when in full dress uniform; and, to see them at their best and in their most becoming and soldierly garb, you should drop in at some of the camps or garrisons on the far frontier, where the dark blue blouse and forage cap or broad-brimmed scouting hat of drab felt replace the staring yellow facings of the full uniform. There, out on the wide prairie, with his loop-belt bristling with copper cartridges, his dress trim and serviceable, his "mount" in the very pink of condition, his carbine and revolver slung handily about him and the sabre stowed away beneath the saddle straps, you can see the typical American trooper, and, take him all in all, there isn't a better on the face of the globe. In the 10 or 12 years that immediately followed our great civil war, the cavalry was engaged in one long campaign against the hostile Indians of the West, and there is no warfare that calls for such vigilance and skill on the part of officers and men as this. The Indians are wonderfully solentific fighters, and, after they got breechloaders or repeating rifies, it was often desperate work to attack them.

Some of our regiments were almost increased and the surgeory of the real life our troopers lead; but once in whom the proper who had one years and when you see them, boys, just stop and think a moment. The clink at they are hitting at some officer who has done years it the bond of the press at our soldiery to be service over the plains and mountains, had been ordered East on staff duty to be shere it and the part of officers and men as this. The Indians are wonderfully solentific fighters, and, after they got breechloaders or repeating rifies, it was often desperate work to attack them.

Some of our regiments were almost increased the press at our soldiery are by no means as frequent now as they were 10 years ago before the wonderful parts. The Helmets, with long plumes of yellow hair; dark blue tunics, with yellow trimmings;

for flight can be learned only by practice.

No rule can be laid down for it. Usually in beginning you will make too much allowance is when shooting at strong-living water fowl that the need of making great allowance is most urgent; but even then it he allowance is most urgent; but even then it he allowance is not more than 10 or 12 feet in 40 yards.

In hare shooting it is necessary to "allow" for running by aiming a trifte above the game when it is running straight away from ty ou. This is because your line of sight is above it as you stand.

The shotgun re uires the very best of care in order to do good work. It must be kept perfectly clean, and must always be loaded to suit its "habit," as I call it. By this I mean that each gun has a capacity or quality for shooting a certain load best, and any other load will lessen its e ectiveness. By a little experimenting you can find out the load that best suits your piece.

Carry your gun on your shoulder with the muzzle elevated and the hammers down, save when you are expecting game to rise, then you may hold it at "ready," which is save when you are expecting game to rise, then you may hold it at "ready," which is say we when you are expecting game to rise, then you may hold it at "ready," which is

horse-meat or nothing at all. You never saw such a set of scarecrows in all your life as we fellows were when we rode in to the Black Hills after Gen. Crook's great campaign, that resulted in the dismemberment of the Sioux nation. Indeed more than half the command came feebly trudging in afoot, some towing a worn old skeleton of a horse behind them, some having no horses to tow. They had been eaten on the way. The time was when there existed a prejudice against the colored trooper, but the sentiment got a "setback" in the autumn of out among the Colorado mountains a little battalion of white cavalry lay behind breastworks of their dead horses, sur-rounded by a horde of well-armed savages. The major was killed; the three troop commanders wounded; many of the men shot dead; all of them worn with anxiety, thirst and constant battling, and all praying for the coming of succor.
Scouting through the beautiful park

country the captain of a colored troop planted by the side of the trail. It told the news of the desperate pight of the white soldiers, and though he had barely 50 men, what did the captain do but ride all that day and night with his "buffalo soldiers," as the Indians called them, clattering after. and at daybreak he and they were fighting side by side with the besieged.

Capt. Dodge lost all his beautiful horses killed, but he helped his comrades to hold out against the mob of murderous Utes until Gen. Merritt, with the best troops of the 3d and 5th at his heels, came trootting down



for and the attempt to the rescue three days after, just in the must be made. How nick of time. A wonderful march he made much would I prefer of it, too, night and day, to get from the to have the boys all railway to that beleagured band. One together in one big hundred and seventy miles in 69 hours is Cassell's Magazine of Art...... room and tell them pretty fast travelling for cavalry if you

Until very lately the sight of cavalry "troops" or companies to each regiment, troops east of the Missouri has been con-and, by law, 66 men to each troop. In for-fined to a peep at the little battalion at

are black. Close at hand the little brass that within the past 10 years two or three number on the forage cap will tell you the of their number have been ordered to the regiment to which the trooper belongs, or East on staff duty, and have appeared on when in ranks the large figure on the beauti-

Now there are some of our people to whom the sight of a regular officer in uniform is



Custer—fought the Kiowas of northern Texas, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the Indian Territory, and finally the great confederation of the Dakotas or Sioux along the river Yellowstone, losing in battle after battle with the redskins no less than 18 officers and over 300 troopers killed. The 4th fought hard on many a field and lost several gallant young heutenants. The 1st, 2d and 3d all mourn the loss of cherished comrades shot down in fierce encounters in the Rockies or Sierras. The 5th—the regiment that within a year had ridden over the continent from Yuma to the Yellowstone, and fought by turns Apache, Cheyenne, Sioux and Utehas buried its dead from the borders of old Mexico to the bluffs of the little Missouri.

The 6th and 8th, the 9th and 10th have all had many a lively skirrhish with these nimble warriors, and all have freely shed the blood of their best and bravest, and the days of the decade from '67 to '77 will never large tor 'fings' of this character—remember that every one of our greatsoldiers was once a young lieutenant and that his that every one of our greatsoldiers was once a young lieutenant and that his that every one of our greatsoldiers was once a young lieutenant and that his that it every one of our greatsoldiers was once a young lieutenant and that his turn is yet to come.

It isn't safe to sneer at the youngsters either, boys. The wits thought they had fair game in a blithe young second lieutenant and that his urn is yet to come.

It isn't safe to sneer at the young was to seen a brief 'leave' some years ago, to be usher at a beautiful wedding. He came straight from the mountains of southern Arizona, where, only a few days of his urn is yet to come.

It isn't safe to sneer at the young the tork of any and the young was to sneed to sneer at the young was to snee a young lieutenant and that his urn is yet to come.

It isn't safe to sneer at the young was to sneer at the young was one a young all worth to sneed the very one of our great sollers was once a young lieutenant and that his urn

the blood of their best and bravest, and the days of the decade from '67 to '77 will never [Terre Haute Express.] Cholly-O, I had such a shock! be forgetten by cavalry-men who served them on our wide and beautiful frontier. Nor was that the last of the fighting by any means, for the Utes in Colorado and the Chiricahuas of southern Arizona gave inavenue and says, "Excuse me, but do I have the pleasuah of addressing Mrs. Jennessfinite trouble and many a hard tussle fore they were brought to terms. Miller?" I was so enwaged that I am positively twembling yet. It was a duty full of vivid interest and ex-

An Insult to Mrs. Jenness-Miller. Dollie-Tell us about it deah boy Cholly-Howwid fellow met me on the

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THE WEEKLY CLOBE. BOSTON, MASS.

she had a beautiful smile.

I am sure Sally will manage everything,"
She said, "and there's Aunt Cinda to see they don't starve and the house doesn't get afire. Indeed, Dick, there's no other way, I must go with you."

I must go with you."

Go where?" cried Alan, with blunt dismay: while Sally clasped her hands tightly on the table edge, growing paler.

"You Aunt Ernestine is very sick; she is a few feet away.

The mind of an observer is like a gun with saily seyes grew bigger, and her cheeks grew paler; but Alan did not show much emotion.

He filled his mouth with waffes before he remarked: "Oh, Aunt Ernestine! She's like a gun will take it quickly, if you would get up any likely to come in mild winters as severe ones. Target practice is well enough to train the shooter in aiming, but there is no way of learning to shoot game, rave going into the shooter in aiming, but there is no way of learning to shoot parting to shoot plearning to shoot plearni and took the cake home for ma. Maybe you can make out for a breakfast with that. The gum's store gum—fine! Good catch! G'lang, you Bess!"

This time the horses did go rapidly.

"Ob, laws!" was the single answer of the "Ob, laws!" was the single answer of the forms."

"And took the cake home for ma. Maybe afire. Indeed, Dick, there's ho defier way, I must go with you."

"Go where?" cried Alan, with blunt dismay: "Go where?" cried Alan, with blunt dismay: "You Aunt Ernestine is very sick; she is afraid she will die, and the doctor has sent forms." boy; but he stood still, not attempting to eat, watching the wagon until it was out of Sally's eyes grew bigger, and her cheeks grew paler; but Alan did not show much eat, watching the wagon until it was out of dignant sympathy, "but he did have to give up the gun and pay \$20. So that was how he began to hate mapa."

"Oh, they've had a heap of lawsuits our plantation," said Sally.

#### DRESSMAKING.

#### Paper Patterns Best for Beginners.

#### Instruction for Those Wishing to Make Their Own Garments:

Hints on Linings, Sewing, and Also on Measurements.

There is no fixed and immovable code of rules and regulations for making a dress. People differ radically, and so should their garments. Certain primary methods are pretty much alike in Paris, London and Boston, but still there is a wide margin left for individual preference and ability to

Take, for example, dress cutting. This is one of the first problems that confronts the amateur worker. How shall she cut her dress? Shall it be by a tailor system or by paper patterns? What is the allaround best way for the woman who is to make her own dresses unaided to go to work? The answer depends upon the woman and her circumstances.

A good chart in skilful hands unquestionably is a more accurate guide in dress cutting than any ready-made paper pattern can be. The chart is so constructed that it cuts to fit the figure from actual measurements.

adaptative faculties to make it turn out good work, while the paper pattern supplies in itself the entire design for a garment, and for the woman of few original ideas about style or who has no time or opportunity to develop such ideas, is the most practicable guide.

Cut No. 2, which is of a graceful matines in deliver the contract of the c

have in order to cut her dress full-size working patterns.

A wooden square, a bit of curved pasteboard covered with figures, that might as well he hieroglyphics (so far as they are intelligible to the unintiated), and a tape measure, good and useful as these are to the person skilled in their use, are practically valueless to the woman who requires not only some means of cutting out cloth to conform to certain lines of the figure, but exact patterns showing the design, the size and shape of each part of the dress, and moreover explicit directions for putting the various portions together.

putting the various portions together.

If by reason of long practice or great ingenuity she can cut dresses, given something with which to outline the curve and thing with which to outline the curve and slope of her designs, why, then a tailor sys-tem—meaning a scientific means of draught-ing blases, shoulders, etc.—is all she needs. If she must have the design itself before her in tangible shape then she must needs use a paper pattern.
This fairly states the relative value of

This fairly states the relative value of those two great cutting systems to the home dressmaker

Again, which one, and again their name is legion. Every make of paper pattern has its devoted adherents, and each one has undoubted good qualities. All paper batterns are carefully graded in these days of great competition. All are fallible.

Each buyer must remember that she is getting a pattern to fit the average figure that has certain measurements corresponding to her own; that due allowances must be made for her personal shortcomings and long goings.

ing to her own; that due allowances must be made for her personal shortcomings and long goings.

Any one who will remember these facts, and will select stylish and becoming designs, and then, having taken pains to make herself familiar with the ways and means of fitting and finishing a dress, will practice them, there is no reason why she may not confidently expect to make a gown that will compare favorably with the work of first-class dressmakers.

A word as to the advice sometimes given in print (rarely I think in real life) to the amateur dressmaker. She is advised now and then te go to a capable tailor and have a basque lining cut and fitted properly, which shall then be made to serve as a pattern for future use.

The value of this advice is limited. If one can have her bodices cut and fitted by skilled workwomen or men, well and good. The average woman cannot. The value of basque lining or pattern fitted at any one time is limited to that style of bodice, and one style of skirt to the particular kind of underclothing, at least, in bulk, worn at the date of fitting, etc.

Some women there are doubtless, who from a particular style of well-fitting pattern could add to it or subtract from it enough to conform it to varying designs, but the majority of women, as has been already said, are not inventive enough or have wot had sufficient practice in dressmaking to make them at ease, at least not to give them marked success in cutting "out of their own heads."

And these women would need a new pattern with every new dress. If they had

"out of their own heads."
And these women would need a new pattern with every new dress. If they had many dresses they surely would not want all the waists alike, and if they have a new gown but seldom the fashion would be sure to have altered in the meantime. And in any event the tailor-cut pattern of the bodice provides no pattern for skirt or draperies, to say nothing of the fact that mo basque can be properly fitted except over the skirts with which it is to be worn or exactly similar ones.

the skirts with which it is to be worn or exactly similar ones.

This brings us again to the undisputed point from which we started, that the Everage woman making her own dresses, surely she who requires a design ready at hand to work from, will find a reliable paper pattern the most practicable guide.

A clever woman need not blush to own herself at a loss to know how to go to work to make herself, say a jacket waist, even after she has been well taught the theory of handling a high-priced tailor system. Given a paper pattern and she has a working model like that shown in the diagram No. 1.

Every seam, bias and rever is indicated

ing model like that shown in the diagram No. 1.

Every seam, bias and rever is indicated. Every piece is marked to show her just how it should be laid on the cloth that she may cut the waist forms with the grain of the cloth; the various parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together, and general additional directions are printed on each pattern with the bargain.

Moreover, she can determine by consulting the pattern in advance, just the amount of various width goods required to develop the garment in the style depicted. Patience, dear reader! It is altogether well worth while to devote considerable space at the beginning of this series of articles, that are designed to be of actual working value to the women of whatever constitutions of the state of the stat ing value to the women of whatever conditions or degree, who are their own dressmakers, to clearing up some of the fallacies about the various methods of dresscutting.

Each one, tailor system and paper patterns, is excellent in its way, and in a sense to resemble one of the important factors in dressmaking, and a most important one it is, too, is the lining. Times have changed since to coarse-grained silesia was used for the body the ashes have blown away.

each woman must decide for herself just which one is going to be of greatest help to her, whether at once or in the long run. But the primary and important distinction between these systems is often wholly overlooked. It is this. The tailor system supplies no idea, is not automatic and must be handled by the woman of creative or

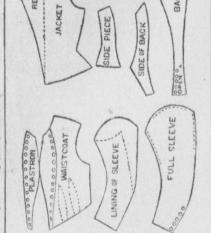


DIAGRAM OF JACKET-CUT I.

adaptative faculties to make it turn out

of the wast, either because of their presence or absence. Never on any account use two kinds of thread, whother sitk, cotton or linen, in stitching the same seam; arever use anything but silk thread in sewing dress-waist seams of every kind of material, except cotton, and always make sure that the stitch used in waist-seam sewing locks in the middle; that is, that neither side.

Unimportant details? By no means. The careful observance of every point, small and unimportant as it may seem to the uninitiated, is what differentiates the work of the haphazard artisan from that of the skilled artist.

Poor sewing spoils the look of half as many close-fitting bodices as does bad fitting. All the bones from a whale's mouth could not straighten but the seams of a seam has been unduly stretched and the other unduly fulled in the sewing; and this is a common fault in dresses, often in those made by professional dressmakers.

Anuch surer way of gauging the amount of material that will be needed in any case, when one has no exact guide, such as a reliable full-size in pattern, at hand, than to guess at it, is to sensibly measure for it. For a waist, allow the length of back front and sleeves of any fabric 40 inches wide or over. Full trimmings of the same to be reckoned extra, except in the case of 54-inch goods. For a plain skirt, multiply the required for the back, fronts and sleeves.

For a plain skirt, multiply the required for the skilled artist.

Poor sewing spoils the look of half as many close-fitting basque where one side of a seam has been unduly stretched and the other unduly fulled in the seams of a seam has been unduly stretched and the other unduly fulled in the seams of a seam has been unduly stretched and the other unduly fulled in the seams of a seam has been unduly stretched and the other unduly fulled in the seams of a seam has been unduly stretched and the stretched and the stretched and the bytic the desired width of the skirt is to be used to get at the approximate the width of the grow has a substite Another indispensable tool is a dress form. No woman who has been through the threes of drumming everything and everybody in her household from a pillow suspended from a chandleier to the hustband and father of the family, into her service to fit, or hang or drape her gown upon needs to be told what a tiresome body and mind-harrowing ordeal this is. But it is about to undergo these unnecessary distractions; there are enough difficulties in dressmaking that must be faced fairly and squarely without assuming unnecessary ones.

If the women who struggle until worn out to make a dress minus proper tools, which.

o make a dress minus proper tools, which, f not absolutely essential are at least able o reduce the labor a great deal, and then leclare dressmaking an "awful nuisance,"



to make another dress," not even if they have to go without, if these same women would but provide themselves, as workmen would do under similar circumstances, with tools to work with, they would save themelves not only vexation of spirit and much ime, but at the same time increase the effectiveness of their work.
Every woman who undertakes to make a dress needs a dress form. The best one among the many on the market is the Hall

azar dress form. It is of wire, light, portable, easily adjust-It is of wire, light, portable, easily adjustable to any size waist, hip and bust measure, and when not in use may be folded up,
as shown in the cut, and stood aside or
packed away. The entire form is most
helpful to the dressmaker, and costs but \$3
more than the skirt form alone.
The skirt, whether alone or in combination with the waist body, is indispensable to
the dressmaker who values her time or her

temper.
It is sold separately, and costs but \$3. For hanging the skirt, arranging trimmings, draperies, for seeing one's dress in skirt as

is desired, the fine brocaded satine linings are employed. In many high-priced dresses fine silk linings are used, but the satines, in lighter or darker colors to suit the dress goods, are the choice for the majority of dresses.

A very fair grade is sold at 37½ cents per yard; other qualities cost more, some less. Just here the special talk on economy that is coming later may be encreached upon to say it is cheapest to buy good linings, and only those.

say it is cheapest to buy good linings, and only those.

A poor lining, harsh and unyielding, or that which is sleazy and stretches, will spoil the fit of a Felix frock itself. So much for looks. Beside this consideration, a good lining adds to the durability of all dress fabrics. It costs a few cents more than a poor quality to begin with, but it is by far the cheapest in the end. For a medium size basque of today two yards of silesia are enough for body and sleeves.

The foundation skirt of the average walking costume is made from a medium grade of silesia, and 3½ yards will cut a skirt for a medium-sized person.

Sile Sights Lahu.

Historic Spots Where Fleets Went Down in Days Gone By.

After the tedious monotony of a transatlantic voyage, the eagerness to catch the first glimpse of land and the relief which it affords are things which, to be appreciated, must be experienced.

wear.

But old silk is not well adapted to stand the strain of a close-fitting basque, say of wool or velvet, or the wear put upon any street dress.

To face the under side of a foundation skirt cross-bar muslin (and by this is meant, of course, lining muslin that is stiff) is better than canvas. The latter is too heavy and too unwieldy. One yard of the muslin will face a medium size skirt. Over this, to half its depth, is put a bias facing of lasting or farmers' satin, for which about three quarters of a yard will be needed.

Basque collars are interlined with canvas. Cuffs or the bottoms of sleeves are intersections.



### WHAT I LIVE FOR.

[Dr. G. Linnæus Banks.] 1 live for those who love me.
Whose hearts are kind and true.
For the heaven that smiles above me And waits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned me.
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story. To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake; Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages. the noble of all ages.
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season By gifted minds foretold, When man shall live by reason And not alone by gold; When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted

As Eden was of old. I live to hold communion To feel that there is union Twixt nature's heart and mine. To profit by affliction, Reap truths from fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction-

Fulfilling God's design. I live for those who love me. For those who know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me For the wrongs that need resistance,

[American Grocer.] Simpson (on a visit)—Excuse me, Miss Ethel, but aren't these-er-vegetables burnt?

Cousin Ethel (of Boston)-Oh, no; those are natural black beans. You know, Charles there's a death in the family! Dogged Determination.

[Somerville Journal.]

If a woman ever makes up her mind that she will learn to read shorthand, it is when she comes across a lot of mysterious wigzly characters in her husband's diary with another woman's initials in long hand scattered through them here and there.

A Tip-Top Poem. (Society.)
Author—I have written a poem on Mont

Blanc. Editor-Then, for sweet mercy's sake, my dear friend, leave it there Author-Where? Editor-On Mont Blanc!

Queenstown.

Summer a temporary light was placed on Dursey head, about three miles south of the Calf rock.

The Cow rock is a curious freak of nature, rising about 200 feet over the sea, and looks more like an elephant than a cow wading through the deep. It is literally covered with seabirds' nests, and one could hardly walk on it without treading on them. When the works were begun on the Bull most of the birds on it, not liking the intruders any more than the Indiaus liked the pale Scenes from the Decks of a Cunarder as She Sights Land.

Historic Spots Where Fleets Went Down

lantic voyage, the eagerness to catch the first glimpse of land and the relief which it

of silesia, and 3/5 yards will cut a skirt for a medium-sized person.

Silk makes a luxurious lining for handsome dresses. An old silk dress is often represented to be good for linings.

Old silk is treacherous. It makes a very fair lining to wear under a lace slip, or may be used to good advantage to line any dress of soft. light-weight material made in a loose-fitting style and not intended for hard wear. on deck, the eager straining of the eyes and

> the passengers a good chance to see the southwest and south coast of Ireland. Ages of the ocean's tireless and all-powerful efforts, combined with primitive formation,



places it at 1500 feet from high water. From
the sea to the height of 160 feet it rises
perpendicularly, and is composed of a mass
of slated rock. There are two lighthouses
there. 650 feet apart, called the "upper"
and "lower" Skellig lights, one lantern beting 372 feet and the other 173 feet above
high water, having two fixed white lights,
seen respectively 25 and 18 miles at sea.

The soundings about these islets or giant
rocks of ocean are in 90 fathoms of water,
which abounds with immense quantities of
fish of various kinds. Valentia island has
a few miles to the north of this.
The Skelligs, from their isolated position,
have been the means of many lekes through
the Irish towns, where on Shrove Tuesday
evenings the gamins parade from house to
house where marriaceable but unmarried
young folks live, and who, from the fact of
their not being married are called out publicly as being fit candidates to be shipped
off to the Skelligs.

Leaving the Skelligs and crossing the entrance to the bay of Kenmare, we come to
the Bull. Cow and Calf—three gigantic
rocks, a few miles from the mainland and
opposite Dursey island, which latter is separated from the mainland only by a narrow
channel. These rocks vary in size, as their
names designate. The largest and most
imposing is the Bull, on which a lighthouse was built recently. One was built
on the Calf about 27 years ago, but this was
swept away by a terrific storm a few years
ago, and the site of the new one was
changed to the Bull. The light on the Bull
is near to the top. For the greater efficacy
of the Skellig light, and to avoid mistakes
at sea regarding both lights, the lantern on
the Bull light is many feet lower than the
apex of the rock.

The lighthouse works, in connection with
the natural beauties of the rock, are alone
well worth visiting. The rock has the appearance of a mammoth beehive rising
from the ocean to a height over 300 feet,
and is pinacled and buttressed to the top by
huge masses of granite-colored rock. Right
in the centre runs a natu

as there is a vein of lighter-colored rock, and probably softer, running straight and clear to the top.

The oil tanks are worked in the solid rock, and the light-keepers are supplied with all modern advantages of saving life, as well as preventing wreck. The rockets are fired by electricity, and in foggy weather are fired every 10 minutes.

About three miles outside Dursev island, off the Cork coast, in the wild Atlantic; it is difficult, even in the most favorable weather, to make a landing, and visitors a regenerally hoisted by a derrick from a small boat, which accompanies the tender. This is a feat which requires much nerve to perform. The steps to the tower are worked in the rock, and, as there are somewhere near 300 of them, must cost a nice sum. The entire cost of tower and all was \$300.000; the lantern alone cost \$15,750. The light is a revolving white light. The construction of a lighthouse on the Bullhad often and for many years been advocated by experienced sea captains, but the necessity of the present was made apparent in 1881, when the tower on the Calf rock, a half-mile to the south, was knocked down by mountainous waves in November of that year. Lights are not generally placed at such high elevations as on the Irish coast, a moderate height, say of 150 feet, serving the mariner's calculations better, but the fierce storms that sweep from the broad Atlantic on the Irish coast, and to whose force there seems to be no limit, make a great altitude a necessity for the preservation of the keepers and the light.

This necessity was forcibly demonstrated on the occasion of the destruction of the

hiding itself and the tower from view on land.

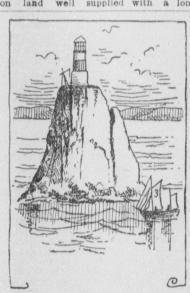
Thousands of birds are also found on the Bull, and make a great, yet musical, din, as they fly around it. This din is increased fourfold when a rocket sounding like a cannon is let off. Then, indeed, is it a beautiful sight to see the Bull rock. What with its ime symmetrical outlines, adorned by the works of man, its screaming satisfast and the surging of "the wild waves play" at its stubborn base it is a sight never to be forgotten.

Bull land make a great, yet musical, din, as they are all general to the large expanse of water between Crook shaven and Cape Clear island. There was once a lighthouse on Cane Clear, but its effluences was ended when one was erected on the Fastnet rock, three miles northwest of the Cape, and another off-Galley Head, eastward of Cape Clear.

Seen at a long distance the Fastnet is taken for a huge sailing ship, and although counted as a small rock on the Irish coast, it is a beautiful sight on a fine day. The rock rises rather abruptly to a height of

Skellie!

That never but bird come night them. Dut from his course drough and like in this course drough at like in the come of the instead of the interest of the contemption of the interest of



train of artillery and 18 ships of battle. They scorned to surrender, and determined that when the English gained admission the last living Irish soldier should blow up the castle. Capt. Richard MacGeoghegan was the last, but dying), survivor, and made a gallant effort to carry out his bold plan, but as he was near the powder magazine he was grasped by the affrighted Englishmen. He flung the torch with all his remaining strength toward the powder, but it did not reach its intended destination, and the noble fellow was literally hacked to pieces. This took place in June, 1602.

Dunboy! Dunboy! the proud, the strong!

Dunboy! Dunboy! the proud, the strong! The Saxon's hate and trouble long! All Ireland's hope; all Munster's boast! The pride of Beara's iron coast! So sings T. D. Sullivan. M. P., editor of the Dublin Nation, and ex-mayor of Dublin. The British fleets often man uvre here. Along the left shore of this bay on the Beara side is the harbor of Adrigole, and the celebrated glen of Glengariff. Moore in thinking of them writes:

Glens where ocean comes To scape the wild winds rancor, And harbors safest homes Where freedom's fleet might anchor. Where freedom's fleet might anchor.

At the eastern entrance to the harbor of Bear-haven, there is a lighthouse, between Bearisland and the mainland, called "Roancarrig light," so named from the "rock" or islet on which it is built; roan is the Irish for seal, and carrig, a rock, because in ancient times this rock (like its same-sake seal-rock near the Golden Gate in California) was noted for the large number of seals that used to sport on it. The lantern on Roancarrig is 55 feet above the sea, and has a fixed white and red light.

Leaving Bantry Bay we cross the entrance of Dunmanus Bay, which is formed by Sheepshead (730 feet high) on the north, and Three Castle Head, 370 feet high, on the south.

Myzer Head is on the same promontory

Atlantic on the Irish coast, and to whose force there seems to be no limit, make a great altitude a necessity for the preservation of the keepers and the light.

This necessity was forcibly demonstrated on the occasion of the destruction of the calf light, when, as the committee of inquiry reported: "The heavy spray broke the glass on the Skellig light." And more recently when a part of the tower of the Fastnet rock was gutted and the iron house was burst open by the fierce waves that came rolling 100 feet high and washed clean over that fine natural edifice, often hiding itself and the tower from view on land.

Thousands of birds are also found on the

have wonderfully indented the land, forming many fine bays, bold promontories and gigantic island rocks where millions of wild sea birds, chiefly gulls, gannets, divers, etc., make their nomes.

The first sight of the Irish coast on a voyage from Boston is usually the celebrated Skellig rock, eight miles off the mainland of County Kerry. Its pyramidal peak welcomes one by day, or its light by night. The Skellig has a history, and has been the subject of more than one poem. Moore sings of the Skelligs (because there are two smaller ones near the principal, or great Skellig):

Islet so freshly fair
That never hith bird come nigh them. But from his course through air
Its huth been won down by them.

Dr. Keating, the historian, says: "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil of the Skelligs which draws down all the birds which attempt to fly over it, and because there are two life of the Skelligs which draws down all the birds which attempt to fly over it, and because there are the original connection. The Bull, too, has a historical connection. The Bull, to

and wealth of England and the greatgenerals and large armies which Elizabeth sent to crush him and Ireland. O'Sullivan Beara kept the field for some time after, but he, too, had to seek a refuge in a foreign land—Spain—where he was kindly received by the king, made a grandee, etc., but fell shortly after by the knife of a British spy in Madrid.

The coast from the Old Head to Cork harbor is like the rest of the coast along to the west-bold and rugged. The next harbor's mouth we come to is that of the Cove of Cork or Queenstown. The next harbor's mouth we come to is that of the Cove of Cork, or Queenstown. Cork harbor is entered through a deep channel about a mile or a little more wide. The shores on both sides are rugged. At Roche's Point, at the eastern entrance, stands a lighthouse, with the lantern 97 feet above high water, which displays a fixed white light seen 14 miles at sea. There are two forts, built by the English at the narrowest part of the channel, called Forts Carlisle and Camden, and after passing these we glide into one of the finest harbors in creation for anchorage, depth of water, space, shelter, and, above all, the bewitching beauty of the surrounding scenery. The cove of Cork, or Queenstown, that beautiful picture, terraced street after street from the water line to the creat of the hill, is right before you, while to your right and left and all around you lies scenery incomparable perhaps with any harbor scenery on the globe.

DONNET

DON'T.

[Kate Field's Washington. Oh, how I wish you wouldn't, Bob-You're such an awful tease; Now don't you know all women like The men who try to please? What next will you be at?

Because I was a little goose, And said: "Yes," as you plead.
You need not think I'm sure to go
Where'er I may be led.
I've been engaged before, friend Bob, To Hal, and Tom, and Bill.

And if you don't behave I'll turn
You off—indeed I will!

Don't! don't! don't!

'Twas on your manly knees; Get down again, sir; 'tis a pose That with you most agrees. What! Dare refuse, unless, forsooth, I pay you with a kiss? Oh, Bob, you naughty, naughty man—And has it come to this!

Don't touch me! When I liked you best.

Now He Accentuates the "L" [Munsey's Weekly.]
Fangle—I thought Smyth used to spell his name with an "i."

Mrs. Fangle-He did, but his rich uncle died since then and left him \$500,000. Ze American Lady is More So.

[Burlington Free Press.]

"Ah, it eez strange!" said a newly-arrived Frenchman, as he alighted from a street car. "Ze American lady says to her child. "Seet down!" and zen immediately. "Seet up!" Ze Eenglish language eez wonderful, eez it not?" The ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. They knew when a cat most deserved it. Some Actors Don't Think So.

He Had Better Put His Name on It. (Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)
"Uncle" Eussell Sage has astonished Wall street by purchasing a new umbrella. The Lay of the Hen.

By the way, it is supposed that a hen lays an egg because she can't stand it on end.

What Nonsense. [Ashland (Wis.) Press.]

A man can always find fault if he will; a woman will always find fault if she can.



Remove the meat from a two-pound lobster, cut it into small pieces. put the shell and one pint cold water on to boil; boil 20 minutes; strain; melt one tablespoonful ter, add two tablespoonfuls corn starci and pour on slowly one quart hot milk; add

saitspoonful bepper, a few grains of cayenne and the lobster meat.

Wash the shell thoroughly. If claws are not too hard, they can be cut with sharp knife, otherwise they must be broken with a hammer. The older the lobster the tougher the shell.

When a coral lobster is used (that is the female lobster), the coral is dried a little, pounded, and added to the soun, which has been previously colored a pale pink.

Stuffed Cucumbers. Stuffed cucumbers-Pare and cut into halves, cover and fill with a forcemeat; cover with stock, and cook until tender: serve with a sauce.

serve with a sauce.

Cut in two, crosswise, To remove the seeds use an apple corer. Let it stand in coid water for a short time. Stuff vegetables in this way, Cover the cucumbers with white stock if possible, if not, use water. Boil about three-fourths of an hour. In boiling, stand the cucumbers on the small end. There should be pieces enough to fill the pan. These cucumbers can be boiled in water and served on toast.

Forcemeat. Cook 1/4 cup stale bread crumbs and 1/4

cup milk together until a thick paste. Add salt, ½ cup chopped raw yeal, ½ teaspoonful. 1 saltspoonful pepper, a few drops onion juice, 1 teaspoonful butter and 1 raw egg. Have the bread stale; rub with a rolling pin, making the crumbs as fine as possible. Be sure to boil the bread and milk until the paste is smooth and thick, and mix in the raw yeal theroughly. Add the seasoning, unmelted butter, and the egg well beaten. This forcemeat is to be used for the stuffed cucumbers.

Sauce for Cucumbers.

Sauce-Melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter, add tablespoonful flour and pour on slowly: 1½ cups white stock, add ½ slice carrot, 1 slice onion, a sprig of parsley, 1 bay leaf, teaspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful pepper, immer 15 minutes, add 1 teaspoonful lemon juice and serve. Stock used in boiling the cucumbers will

answer for this sauce. Sweetbread Salad. Boil a sweetbread 20 minutes. When cold cut into pieces, mix with a French dressing and set in the ice until ready to serve, then add 1 cup celery cut fine and some of the mayonnaise dressing. Serve with lettuce. Cut out all the fat and pipes and lay in cold water until wanted for use. There are always two parts to every sweethread; if any dealer tries to sell one part he is cheating the buyer. Parboil in boiling salted water with a little lemon juice. An acid hardens the albumen in the sweethreads and makes them keep their thape. Use one teaspoonful salt and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. After cooking 20 minutes pour off hot water and put on cold water.

Garnish with yolk of hard-boiled egg rubbed through a sieve.

Mayonnaise Dressing. add 1 cup celery cut fine and some of the

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Mix together one half teaspoonful mus tard, one-half teaspoonful salt and a few grains of cayenne; add the yolk of one raw egg; add one cup oil, drop by drop, thinning

egg; add one cup oil, drop by drop, thinning with lemon or vinegar.

There is but one way to make mayonnaise, except that cream is added by some cooks. The only trouble in making this dressing is the danger of curdling.

Use a wooden spoon to mix and beat with. Curding can be avoided by working very slowly at first, adding the oil drop by drop. After the mixture has been thinned out with lemon juice and vinegar alternately the oil can be added more rapidly. If curding does take place there is no remedy but to begin again, and work more carefully. Miss Maynard never has any trouble, nor will any one if the directions are carefully followed. Should it curdle at the very last set the dressing away, and, when needed to use, thicken with a fresh yolk of egg, beat until smooth, and then thin out with a little lemon juice and vinegar.

French Dressing. Mix together 1 saltspoonful sait, 1 saltspoonful pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls oil and 1

Use this on all salads and for all plain dressings. It seasons meats and vegetables better than mayonnaise alone, and is eco.

Sweetbreads. Parboil, cool and lard. Fry in hot fat

intil brown. Serve with a white mush room sauce. Prepare as directed for salad. They can be browned in the oven or fried. A sweetso delicate and breaks up so easily. Cut the

so delicate and breaks up so easily. Cut the pork in fine strips, using only down to the first vein, as below that the pork will break. For the benefit of the young cook it may be stated that sweetbreads are glands found in young calves, and they are considered a great delicacy.

In frying have the fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread while you count 60 as the clock ticks, and fry in a wire basket.

This is a delicious dish and not over difficult to prepare.

Sauce for Sweetbreads. Table spoonful of butter, the same of four, 1 cup hot milk or cream, 1 saltspoonful of pepper and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Add one-quarter canned or one-sixth pound fresh mushrooms.
Stew for about five minutes after mushrooms are added.

Plum Pudding Glace.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 saltspoon salt together add 1 egg, beat well, add 1 pint hot milk. Cook 20 minutes. Add 1 quart melted chocolate. Straip. Add

Add I quart melted chocolate. Straip. Add I tablespoonful vanilla and I pint cream. Freeze partly frozen. Add 2 ounces cherries. I ounce apiciots. I ounce raisins; soak 12 hours in ½ cup wine.

Break the chocolate and melt it in a saucepan set over the open teakettle. To make ice cream with this same recipe, which is very nice, use 2 squares of chocolate and I quart cream.

Cook the custard in double boiler. Mix the melted chocolate and custard together. Buy thick cream and thin with milk. Mik can be used, but cream is richer.

For freezing, pound the ice fine and measure it carefully, using one part of salt to three of ice. Do not let water run off until it reaches the hole while turning the crank, as the water freezes the cream as well as the ice. It is a good plan to set the freezer in a pan and let the water run in there. When ready to pack down the glace or cream, pour off the water. Put the fruits in when the cream is about half frozen.

This makes a delicious dessert.

Sauce for Pudding. Sauce-Beat the yolk of raw egg; add one tablespoonful sugar and two tablespoonfuls brandy. Stir over hot water until thick;

add one-half pint cream, whipped.
Use thick cream, whipped with a churn. Cheese Fondne. Beat 6 eggs well, add 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls butter and 1/4 pound cheese grated. Cook over boiling water until smooth and creamy. Serve on toast.

Beat eggs with a spoon. Cook until the cheese is all melted. Use the richest cheese that you can get, such as you would buy for a Welsh rarebit.

Polite, and He Knew It. Detroit Free Press.

A young lady who was bundled up in furs and had 16-button gloves on her hands, bought a stamp at the post office window yesterday, and after doing so looked about her in a helpless way. A languid poung man, who was about to invest in a stamped envelope, realized her dilemma and asked:

"Shall 1—ah—shall I aftix the stamp, wise?"

"Shall I—ah—shall I affix the stamp, miss?"

"If you would be so kind."
"With pleasure."
He unbuttoned his overcoat, removed his gloves, and took from one coat-tail pocket a phial of rose water and from the other a paper box, in which there was a camel's hair brush, and, with much deliberation and delicacy, he brushed the stamp and affixed it.
"You are so kind," she murmurred.

affixed it.

"You are so kind," she murmurred.

"Ah! Yes! I was born that way." he replied, and as she made a skip he carefully restored his paraphernalia, purchased his enveloue and went his way.

An Alarming State of Affairs 'My friends," said Rev. Letus Hittumup, "the extent to which gambling is carried on

in our town is alarming! From my study I can look in a club room across the street, and last night I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. There at a table sat four young men playing poker—for money! Yes, for money! I do not wonder that you shudder, brothen! Large stacks of money were before them, and, would you believe it. I actually saw one young man who ought to have known better, bet 10 blue chips on a pair of kings!"

"A Penny Walk." [New York Star.]

Some time when you are in the state of mind that wants the amusement that comes from idle observation of people and their ways, and when it isn't raining or snowing and the streets are not like a poultice or a pudding batter with the mud, if such a time ever is to be found anywhere ahead of us. you may want to take the new stroll which the ingenious originator has called a "penny walk." To take a "penny walk." "penny walk." To take a "penny walk" you toss a copper before you start to know whether you shall turn to the right or to the left on leaving your doorsten. If you toss heads, turn to the right, if talls, take the left. At the first crossing give the copper another dip; there are more ways than one of tossing a copper, and it need not be after the frank fashion of the street gamin unless you really profer to do it in that way, and turn again to the right or left as the coin directs. At every crossing turn as the copper directs you. You will be led into strange quarters sometimes on the responsibility of this little guide, and will see stronge sights and hear more wonderful things in an hour, if you haven't left your wits and senses at home, than will occur to you in weeks of your routine experience.

An Awful Waste.

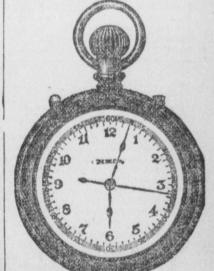
Wickwire-What a lot of time is wasted through ignorance, that otherwise might be

saved. Yabsley—Isn't there, though? I know of a case in point. Only last week I sat down and played solitaire for three hours before I found out I didn't have a full deck.

No More Cheap Watches. A GOLD

STOP WATCH FOR ONLY

\$12.00. FOR ONLY \$7.00.



DESCRIPTION OF GOLD WATCH: case, and patented, and made only by half a dozen manufacturers, and is the same for use and wear as the solid gold case, and may be so considered and treated. Even the costliest watches on the market now have them, on account of their greater

strength. With each watch there goes a guarantee by

the Manhattan Watch Company to keep it in order for one year free of all charge. The little post on the left hand stops and starts the watch; the little post on the right hand turns the hands, setting the watch. It need never be opened. It is a ratchet stem-winder, full-je welled balance movement and as good a timekeeper as

any man wants.



DESCRIPTION OF SILVER WATCH. Only \$7.00.

The face of this watch is precisely the same as that of the gold watch, and the movement is precisely the same. The difference between the two watches is only in the case. The latter is of oxidized silver, acid caten, very neat and quaint. The movement is the quick train, with straight line lever escapement, with a direct acting handset that permits accurate setting, and will not allow the hands to move out of position while setting. In the sweep second movement the second hand is run direct from the movement train, ensuring perfect motion, while the dial train and hands are run by a friction pinion from a side centre. This gives all the advantages in time-keep-ing qualities of the most delicately adjusted and expensive movement.

Each watch is put up in a next box, padded, tocarry it safely through the mails. In the box are directions for setting the hands and regulating the watch, with the name of the person at the factory who tested and packed it. If on receipt of the watch it does not regulate or keep time, or is found out of order in any way, it is to be returned to the Manhattan Watch Company, No. 234 Broadway, and it will either be put in per-fect condition era new one sent, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. This guarantee is good for one year, during which the company agrees to keep the watch in perfect running order free of all charge. The silver case has a direct instead of a ratchet stem-wind, and snap-back instead of a screw back. The guarantee is the same for both, for

the movements are the same. BOTH WATCHES, in time-keeping, appearance. and durability, equal to the best.

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The Fanciers' Review THE WEEKLY CLOBE,

Boston Weekly Globe. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890.

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THE GLOOK NEWSPAPER CO., 

that none of us can wrong the universe."-

PROFIT AND LOSS IN COMMERCE. "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States" is the title of a book recently published in London which offers us a picture as characteristic of a ruling English

race proclivity as it is in itself fascinating. The author is an heroic English engineer, one Holt S. Hallet. Possessed of a complete communication from the Persian gulf to the Sea of Japan, this adventurer, taking to an elephant's back with his charts and instruments, explores 1000 miles of strange, wild country, bringing back a full description of the country and its people

along with his surveys. Such adventures for such purposes are characteristic of the English, above any other people. Nature seems to have singled out this race as the commercial explorers, traders and carriers of the world. HALLETT was so imbued with this national instinct that he adopted as the legend for his flag: "We are a nation of shopkeepers, and it is

by trade that we live." The whole history of England has been one of conquest for commercial ends. Shut out from one market by the exigencies of the situation, or by prohibitory tariffs, the British manufacturer is quickly on the alert for new markets in which to dispose of his machine-made goods. He had rather carry his finished wares 1000 miles than to manufacture them on the ground, and is even willing to discourage manufacture in his own dependencies for the sake of supplying them from home.

There has latterly grown up a school which regards this business of carrying to be largely needless and wasteful. It is chiefly voiced in the extreme Home Market advocates in this country. They say that to the extent goods are not manufactured where they are consumed, when it is practicable, the carrying business is pure waste For the better part of a century, they say we have been carrying raw cotton from the Gulf States to New England, and back again to the seat of production, only to find at last that it can just as well be manufactured where it is produced, and save the vast labor of "cartage." As a matter of social economy, they say, why bring hides from South America, and carry them back in manufac-

tured forms, when they can just as well be manufactured where they are consumed? The tendency of this school is to discourage such commerce as is chiefly carried on for the sake of "floating the flag on every chine, or something needed in the house, the | sea," and they attempt to show that a great pure waste of labor. Their chief justification of high pretective tariffs is that they tend to slough off a deal of useless carrying and encourage the people to manufacture oney by getting subscribers to THE what they consume where the raw material

loads of machinery and manufactured goods from England to India, and at the same deliberately crippled the industries of that make the laws of a nation." country for the utterly selfish purpose of compelling the Irish to buy her manufacbured goods and pay heavy tariffs for trans-

But taken for all in all, the benefits which England has contributed to civilization and ancient world by dissolving that pearlsocial wealth by her tireless hunt for new | which was certainly hers to do with what markets, vastly oftweigh the wastes of she liked-the eyes of even school children commerce. Take China and India, with have dilated with horror at the thought of arm with a pistol shot. the intermediate peninsula, which she is such extravagance. Sheer waste and no seeking to connect by rail. Here is a popu- return! In these days some enterprising lation of 700,000,000 souls, or one-half the showman would exhibit the wonderful and Careless People Often Leave Money human race, who are, to a great extent, in unique solution, and make a fortune from it, the very infancy of commerce. The nation

share of their vast undeveloped treasures. and particularly the American, speculator spite of all the evils it brings with it, is the every outlay. "With what measure ye drove to the Northern station, and was world's great civilizer, cannot be denied. mete it shall be measured to you" is a law We are lamentably ignorant of the peoples thoroughly appreciated, and persistently of South America. Had we a railroad pene- applied. trating through their half of the continent | Just as some good American citizens feel they would make more progress in civiliza- quite proud of an infraction of their of 80,000 francs. tion in the next 20 years than they have country's laws, as in smuggling, so the made in the whole past century.

selfish. But it soon stimulates sociability, that for which they give inadequate return, and finally a love of self-help and all that or none at all. Their version or perversion civilization. Commerce may conduce to ured unto us more than we mete to others." social waste in many material ways, but In other words, "Let us do our best to get the net results, even of the cruel conquests something for nothing." of England in the East, have been worth | The desire runs throughout life from boyvastly more to humanity than they cost. It is to be hoped that no considerable por- for "keeps," and does not end when the to decry commerce. With all its evils and reputed to be a sinecure. Write to Either The Herald or its wastes it is still the chiefest material The small boy enjoys the collecting of boon of the human race.

HENRY APPLETON.

THE TOPICAL SONG.

is difficult to define just what is or is not a endar would answer his purpose quite well ditty of this description. It has, however, enough. become an essential part of almost every. Why do the advertising pages of the Sunmusical entertainment of a light order, and, day papers receive equal attention with in fact, as a single aria has not infrequently | those of purely literary character? What is saved a grand opera from critical condemna- it that crowds the shops of a Monday morn-The Farm Journal is the leading agricultural Monthly. Every issue contains, in short papers and condensed paragraphs, more useful and practical information for the farmer tion, so a good topical song has made the emphatic success of many a lesser work. It is not more than a half score of years since this designative word was first generally the maximum value for the minimum and the gentleman said. I want a hundred the maximum value for the minimum and the gentleman said, I want a hundred the gentleman said, I want a hundred the gentleman said. used in connection with a cer am, though not | price are the most sought. very distinct, sort of composition. The topi- "Fire and smoke" sales, the dubious weekly. The regular price is 50 cal song, as its name declares, must deal charm of lotteries and the fascinating uncertainty in the purchase of unclaimed and with The Weekly Globe. Sonages, habits Naturally, in this countries of the control of th Address The Weskly Globe, Boston, try there are topics of a national signifi- tain goods worth many times the price paid cance, and, besides, each section or city has | -these all come in the same category. its own special themes to offer. The recipe A huckster passed through one of Boston's for making a topical song is about streets last week shouting. in tones of

ant crescendo of more and more verses, till placently the while, because she had obthe singer's store is exhaused, or his tained "something for nothing." voice and lung power in a correspond- Free lectures and free concerts, not to Redfern Costumes for the ing condition. The author of the original mention free lunches, are always well stanzas and his work soon become patronized. No matter if a man knows that

of decidedly secondary importance they are not so free as they seem, the fas and value. He is forgotten perhaps; his cination is upon him, and he yields. The effusions of local verse writers. It thus filled our fathers in '76! occurs that the comedian and singer of the The most open example of the somethingtopical song sends in advance to the city he for-nothing craze that has been seen for would conquer for verses of a local nature. many a year was the Oklahoma "boom." One with Epaulette Sleeves—Polonaise The resident writer looks about for subjects, The stories of waiting and real danger prepares for the comedian a dish with undergone by would-be settlers in their sauce piquant that has a true local flavor, efforts to seize the land that was to be given "Belief and love-a believing love-will re and the comedian, just arrived, causes his away are fresh in the memory of every one. Reve us of a vast load of care. O,my brothers! hearers to laugh and shout at the bits upon Their experience fathers this question-do son of the year, when winds and dull skies God exists. There is a soul at the centre of their near neighbors. They wonder too, these people who are so fond of bargains are the rule, and gleams of sunshine the exnature and over the will of every man, so how a comparative stranger or seldom really pay so little for their goods? comer could so quickly "catch on" to the In money, yes, perhaps. But in point of peculiarities, foibles or condition of their personal inconvenience they almost always women are those who affect tailor-made native place.

When one thinks back, however, in re gard to topical songs, barring the title, could not some of the Songs of Solomon be called topical? They dealt with topics and were more or less local. The street venders of the penny ballads are still to be seen, quite commonly, in certain parts of London, and there are a few of them left in and China by a railway route, and thus the larger cities here. These descendants lecturer (whilom street merchant) Silas Wegg, still do hawk about their wares upon our streets of nights, and will sell you "fifty songs of the day tor a nickel." Many of the poetical effusions which these modern troubadours offer are topical songs. The Irish ballads which not many years ago were wont to spring up as quickly as mushrooms, after any event of any importance-a murder, a theft, a fire, a riot; anything exciting-being written in one hour, printed in another, sung in twenty minutes, and popular in and for a day, are other examples. We had them here in revolutionary times-topical songs-and the dear old "Yankee Doodle" can be called a specimen. So, too, in later days might "Marching Through Georgia' and "John Brown" be put in the same class. You see it is a class of considerable latitude and your topical song need not always be funny. It may teach a good, moral lesson, and often does, as for example: "I Shall Have Them By and By." The songs the sailors were and are accustomed to sing-how many, how bright, how pointed each for its port!-come under the same category. Who has not heard, beginning a sea voyage, as the old-fashioned capstan unwillingly turned and the anchor rose

nothing."

Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal?"

We bargain for the graves we lie in; At the devil's booth are all things sold, Each cunce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking, 'Tis heaven alone that is given away, 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

GAIN.

My record is shady I admit, but I'll spare the recital

I've crossed the wild billows

Not to talk of my sins, but to trade off my title

For a cap and bells our lives we pay;

Olisten, sweet lady!

Of such peccadillos;

O yes, I have castles

Is one of the oldest,

A peer who is peerless

Tho' born to broad acres

I don't play the lover,

The' not over truthful

I own I'm not youthful;

'Twould be very stupid
If I should say Cupid

We beggarly British

Tho' all of my life I've been given to gammon,

But here we're in clover-

Then listen, sweet lady!

re ambitious. The point that is vital (Since I've not a penny,

My record is shady.

You millions a many

Is that I want your ducats and you want my title!

THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON

Bismarck the Hero of Thirty Duels

and Two Attempted Assassinations.

Bismarck is suspected of having fought

over 30 duels, and that he fought four is

ties. In the official list of punishment his

name figures four times, but only twice for

Assassins have twice paid Bismarck the

TREASURES IN CABS.

in Parisian Vehicles.

| Pall Mall Gazette.]

papers representing some 200,000 francs in

a cab, and was lucky enough to find them

several hours after lying untouched on the

seat. A provincial banker, who took a cab

equally absent-minded, but was not so

fortunate. After dismissing the cab at the

station, and taking a ticket, he remembered

that he had left on the seat a portfolio con

taining bank notes and papers to the value

He rushed to the station entrance, only to

He rusped to the station entrance, only to find the cas gone, and thence to the stand from which he had taken it. The particular vehicle he longed to set eyes upon had not yet returned. The distracted 'anker confided his troubles to the policeman on duty at the stand, and was advised to await there the return of the cab. At the end of an hour two cabs drove up to the stand, and the banker recognized his driver. The latter told the policeman that after leaving the railway station he had driven two

the railway station he had driven two ladies to the Paluis de l'Industrie. As they quitted the cab they remarked to the Jehu that there was a portfolio on the seat.

He Did Not "Chip In."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

an Enquirer man of John Renner, who now

"Is gambling licensed in Montana?" asked

"Oh, yes; only faro and poker; but you

dollars' worth.'
"Sam said, 'That represents a hundred

dollars.'
"You mean to say it's a hundred dollars

The Thumb in Lunacy.

[Philadelphia North American.

A physician in charge of a well-known

There was -but it was empty.

It is not long since a Paris bank clerk left

Why wait to be shown up?

ning;

gunning!

For poverty, cheerless
My prospect at present! As I am a sinner

(In ruins) and vassals

sung with a full-voiced chorus, such as: The metre was not always perfect, but what was a foot or two more or less in a verse when the labor is lightened, as the good ship leaves her mooring, by the helpful song?

from its muddy bed, the sail creaking in its

slow ascent-who has not heard the sailor

soloist tell the tales of "Mary" and "Peggy'

and other sweethearts of the town they

were leaving, with many a local allusion.

Beyond the ephemeral entertainment the topical song affords (and for the public generally this entertainment is of the greatest) the theme often has a farther reaching and more important use. The collapses, relapses and varied accidents, pursuant of the law of gravitation, which befell the late Mr. Ginty were the source of many a strong editorial allusion, and not a tew leaders emanated from his historical, multiform down part of the carrying done by England is a falls. This humpty-dumptian Hibernian was eminently fruitful in suggestions to political and after-dinner speakers. It can truthfully be said that in many a case the topical song has begun and continued a reform, and being useful probably, and likewise ornamental in many ways, may it con tinue to flourish and bring forth others like without reason. To transport endless ship- in kind for long to come. So that one may quote with a very slight variation and much satisfaction in agreeing with the sentiment But not one was discovered by the authoritime discourage native manufacture, is therein contained, the words of Fletcher social waste incurred for the selfish pur-of Saltoun, in his letter to Montrose: "I pose of profiting by unnecessary carrying. knew a very wise man that believed that if England has much to answer for in this a man were permitted to make all the Topline, and notably in Ireland she has long ical Songs,' he need not care who should

NATHANIEL CHILDS.

GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Ever since CLEOPATRA shocked the

What if that rich old Roman did adorn that first comes to trade with these people, the fish in his pond with earrings? Surely who have hardly been dug out yet, will be any satisfaction he may have obtained was the first to know them and to get the lion's sufficient income? But no! The modern. That commerce among such peoples, in demands a return, and that substantial, for on the boulevards the other afternoon,

majority of mankind delight in infringing The motive of commerce is originally the above named moral law by receiving goes to build up a new and independent of the law runs: "Let us try to have meas-

hood to manhood. It begins with playing tion of the American people will ever come man has obtained the much-sought office

business cards, his father setting him the resides at Great Falls in that State. example in the row of calendars that adorn his desk. If any payment were required the boy's collection would be of the small-Although the topical song is typical, it est, and the father would find that one cal-

"Oh, yes; omly fare and poker; but you can't shake the box for a drink under a penalty of \$100 fine and 30 days' imprisonment. There is a great deal of gambling going on, especially in Helena and Butte. The skin game and sure-thing men are run out. About three weeks before I came here three promiuent millionnaires, bankers, were at the club and had a social game of poker. There was a gentleman from the poker. There was a gentleman from the
East who had a card to the club for 10 days,
and knowing one of these gentlemen who
were playing asked if he could get into the
game. One of the parties said. Yes: Sam,

this: The writer first chooses some Tamagno-like power, if not sweetness: asylum for the care of the insane recently said to the writer: "There is one infallible is in a new shade of blue cloth, braided in good catch line or words, and there are his "Orra-ges! Orra-ges! Fifteen fra quartr!" test, either for the approach or the presence a mixture of blue and silver in the effectasylum for the care of the insane recently foundation and framework, upon and A half dozen of the golden globes rolled off of lunacy. If the erson whose case is be-To Any Address for \$1.10.

The Fanciers' Review is a large 16page magazine, devoted exclusively
to profitable breeding and care of
fowls. It is the best and most widely
circulated journal of the kind. Address The Weekly Globe, Boston,

The Weekly Globe, Boston,

foundation and framework upon and around which to build. The principal stanzas of the topical song—generally three in number—will give the idea or tell the story of anywhere or anything. Then come what are called the encore verses.

First, very general topics will be treated, then special or local events or persons, and, as the stanzas grow in number, they usually grow

foundation and framework upon and around which to build. The principal stanzas of the topical song—generally three iected horse, who appreciated the loss of the wagon, noticed, if at all, only by the dependency of the wagon, noticed, if at all, only by the depondency

in strength and spiciness, augmenting the As the wagon turned the corner she sallied TAILOR-MADE THE THING.

Varying Season.

work becomes a peg on which to hang the spirit of freedom has mastered him, as it 69WR with Zenave Bodice and Velvet-Hemmed Skirt.

Gown-Lovely Model.

NEW YORK, April 12.—At the present sea ception, there can be no possible probable shadow of doubt (as Don Alhambra says in "The Gondoliers") that the best dressed make up the full value. The little boy who garments. Nothing so neat in the early spring, so walks miles after business cards; the busy

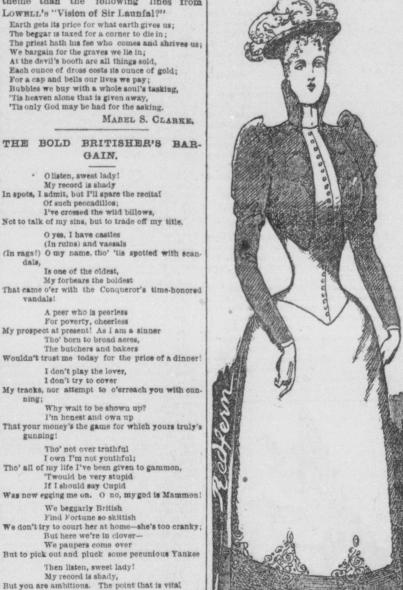
trim, or in such perfection of good taste, as well cut, neatly finished, tailor-made father who takes the trouble to write a letter asking for a calendar; the Monday gowns and coats.

To look well, however, such garments morning shopper, crushed and cross, sparing her pocketbook at the expense of time must originate with a good firm, and must and temper: the Oklahoma "boomer," bear unmistakable cachet of perfect taste

waiting for days outside the boundary, and risking his life when once inside these if risking his life when once inside—these, if they do not adorn the tale, point the moral:

Such novelties as these can always be found at our world-famed establishment in 5th avenue, Madison square, where we

"There is no such thing as something for have the originals of the costumes shown What more complete wording of this theme than the following lines from



Here is an exceedingly handsome gown of pale gray cloth, with a zouave bodice of black velvet, back and front ornamented serious offences. The first is a sentence of with one of Redfern's finest and most beau-10 days' imprisonment for officiating as sec- tiful braidings in a mixture of black cord and silver thread.

The sleeves are of black velvet, drawn up

compliment of attempting to "remove him."

The first attempt occurred in 1866, when Julius Kohen, better known as Blind, an adopted son of Karl Blind, shot at him in Berlin. Bismarck clutched his aggressor by the arm and held him till the police arrested him. Blind, or Cohen, committed with the braiding on the bodice.

With this gown is worn a leave bet of the same and the committed with the braiding on the bodice. Statistical in prison.

The second attempt took place in 1874, at Kissingen, where a young mechanic named Kullman, who professed to have been impelled by hatred of the chancellor's ecclesiastical policy, slightly wounded him in the



A novel and exceedingly becoming gown

vet resting upon the hair, and tied in a bow in one side. Pompons in the two shades complete the trimming of this chic hat. Polonaise Gown.

form of a polonaise draped over a petticoat of black velvet.

The bodice has a vest of velvet laced down the centre and bordered with revers of braiding.

The lower half of each sleeve is of black velvet, and the upper half of the green cloth bordered with green and gold braid-

A Redfern hat with this gown is of green felt trimmed with large bows of green vel-yet and black wings, arranged in a specially ecoming manner. Heliotrope Cloth and Velvet Gown.

Another very lovely gown is made in heliotrope cloth, beautifully braided and used in combination with heliotrope velvet in a darker shade.

The skirt is slightly draped at the sides but leit quite plain and straight in front.

The bodice is arranged with a kind of pointed vest of velvet, bordered by a scalloned edge of braiding and a high Medicis collar of velvet to correspond.

The undersleeves are entirely of velvet, while the long wings sleeves are of cloth, with a bordering of velvet and embroidery.

Redfern.

DEATH-ROCK.

BY D. C.

Among the first to build his cabin on the steep bank overlooking the smiling valley f the Saco was a man who bore the name of Luke Garland.

ong journey through the trackless forest from the settlement at Dover to this spot, which he had selected for a new home. Once arrived there, he had hastily thrown up a temporary shelter, composed of rocks and bark stripped from the trunks of the hemlock and the birch, and, with his family housed therein, he set to work to build a stout, substantial cabin, that could defy the elements and the wild beasts and savages that roamed through the forest.

It was the work of weeks to finish it to his mind: but at last it was completed, much to his pride and satisfaction, and they took up their abode therein.

This done, he turned his attention to the This done, he turned his attention to the forest below the bank on which his new home stood, with the determination of getting as large a spot cleared as possible for the reception of seed the ensuing spring. Until then he had to denend upon his rife alone to provide the food necessary for their sustenance.

But this was an easy task. The forest and mountains abounded in game, and when he went forth in quest of it he never returned empty-handed.

For a couple of months after they had become settled in their new home all went well with them.

come settled in their new nome all went well with them.

Luke's wife, who had at first felt timid at being so far removed from neighbors, got over this in a great measure, and became contented with her new home.

Now and then a party of redskins would make their appearance at the cabin, causing a momentary sensation of fear; but as they appeared peaceably inclined, this feeling soon passed off.

The cabin stood almost upon the trail

soon passed on.

The cabin stood almost upon the trail that led through the Great Notch to the regions beyond, and it was owing to this fact that it had so many visits from the red

fact that it had so many visits from the red men.

Luke Garland always treated them with courtesy, and, when food was plenty in the cabin, they never went away hungry.

Thus the summer passed, and the early autumn days were upon them. Already the maples on the sides of the mountains had donned their robes of crimson and gold, and high on the topmost bluffs the snow-white tracks of winter became visible.

One day the settler took his rifle and plunged into the forest in search of a new supply of food. He was not so lucky as was his wont, and when at last he started a deer his ill luck pursued him, for instead of his builtet bringing the game down it only inflicted a wound, and the deer bounded swiftly along the bloody trail. From the amount of blood the creature was losing he felt sure that it could not run far before il would sink to the earth. But he had miscalculated the strength of the animal, which led him over nearly a mile of ground before he came upon it lying dead in its tracks.

Throwing the carcass across his shoulder

Throwing the carcass across his shoulder

homeward.
For something like an hour he kept stead ily on his way, and then his course took him across the Indian trail of which we have before spoken. Standing upon it he a little greater; but then he knew that the way was smoother, and this was of some consequence considering the burden he bore. He decided to take the trail, and without further loss of time hurried onward, but

leave it there, that it was his wife's.

It had been made but a short time, and charged itself upon his mind—his wife was being carried off by the Indians. Perchance his child had been murdered and his cabin a given to the flames. The thought child his blood and made his heart stard still.

But it was only for a moment that this shell was upon him. The next he had cast who had he carns of the deer struck upon the earth, and an instant atter Luke was bounding along the trail, with but one thought in his mind—to rescue his wife and avenge himself upon her captors. This he would do, or lose his own life in the attempt.

Darkness at length came, but this did not immede his movements in any great degree. Thanks to his knowledge of struck time he was upon the trail, although the darkness was go dense that he saw it not. It was well on toward midnight when he saw a sign that told him that he was close upon those he sought. The light of a campire shone before him in the darkness, and his heart gave a quick throb of joy and his heart gave

upon them.

His wife and child was so far removed from the spot that they would be in no danone of them to escape.

Laying down his rifle he brought all his strength to bear upon the rock, which was so nicely balanced that it moved slowly

from its bed.

Straining every nerve he finally sent it to the edge, and then, as though possessed of life it bounded over and went crashing down upon the doomed savages below.

There was no time for a sound to escape their lips, but a wild, startled cry came from those of the captive wife, With a joyful shout Luke answered it and then hastly descended to her side.

He cast a simple glance in passing at the

Justice in Georgia. [Atlanta Constitution A southwest Georgia justice of the peace

had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded one of the lawyers remarkable hand was filled from the disarose to make a speech in favor of his

A beautiful gown of olive green cloth, braided with green and gold, is made in the ONFIDENTIAL

Over a Hundred of Them

the Editor of The Globe As you are supposed to be a sort of walking ency lopædia, to judge from the numberless questions of ifferent nature and kind you are continually called pon to answer, permit me to ask you whether there

There are over 100 newspapers published

There are over 100 newspapers published and controlled by colored men in various cities of the United States. Of this number there are three dailies published in the South. Several of them have correspondents in Boston. Among them are the New York Age, New York; Sentinel, Philadel. phia; Catholic Tribuue, Cincinnati; Plain Dealer Cleveland; Freeman (illustrated), Indianapolis Planet, Richmond, Va.; Tribune, Philadelphia There are also several magazines, the principal one being the A. M. F. Church Review (quarterly). Several papers have been published by colored men in this city. The first was started sometime during of the Saco was a man who bore the name of like Garland.

With his wife and child he had made the long journey through the trackless forest make its appearance Saturday, called the Courant. J. Gordon Street is the editor. The above papers can be obtained from William L. Reed, 93½ Cambridge street, Boston. Some are on file in the public library. Local news of importance among colored people here and hereabouts is always to be found in The Globe's columns.

A Lotion Tried and True. To the Editor of The Globe:

A sufferer inquires for a remedy for blepharitis dilaris, or inflammation of the edges of the eyelids, would advise the patient to use Powdered borax, 10 grains. Camphor water, one ounce.

Dissolve the borax in the camphor water. Sig.

Apply two or three times daily with an old linen handkerchief. Also get one ounce of cold cream and

Two Remedies. To the Editor of The Globe: For pimples use a little pulverized borax in the warm water with which the face is bathed.

For inflammation of eyelids bathe the outside of eyelid with witch hazel.

The Healing Potato. To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to sufferer with inflamed eyes I would say, take a raw potato and peel it and scrape it of with a knife, and put it between two cloths and bind over the eyes when going to bed, continue for three 1, Grover Cleveland. 2, 192,854.

o the Editor of The Globe:

1. Which of the ex-governors of New York had the argest majority on election? 2. What majority did Cleveland have over Folger to the Editor of The Globe:

have before spoken. Standing upon it he hesitated for a moment which way to take. To tollow it would make the distance home. This splendid star, which, even in our most

turther loss of time hurried onward, but had gone hardly a dozen of rods before he paused abuptly. Casting his eyes down at his feet, as it were by chance, he had seen something that had instantly brought him to a standstill. It was the imprint of a woman's foot in the soft earth.

For an instant he stood as motionless as though made of stone, gazing upon it. He knew as well as though he had seen her leave it there, that it was his wife's.

It had been made but a short time, and along with it were those of a number of savages.

In another instant the truth had forced itself upon his mind—his wife was being carried off by the Indians. Perchance his child had been murdered and his cabin given to the flames. The thought chilled his bleed and made his heart stand still.

into a retrospective mood as he continued:
"The worst hand I ever saw belonged to a
man whose name I can't recall. As we
were sitting around a table one day he held
up his hands with the remark: 'I broke His wife and child was so tar removed from the spot that they would be in no danger.

Hastily he decided to test the plan suggested; and retracing his steps a little, he clambered to the summit of the cliff. Approaching the boulder, he glanced below.

The savages were in the same position he had left them. Could he but send it down upon their heads there was no chance for one of them to escape.

Laying down his riffe he brought all his

> A Mourning Woman. [New York Letter in Pittsburg Leader.]

The woman who puts you into mourning is making herself indispensable. She has long existed in England, but we have only just imported her. A bereaved family send her a telegram. She appears, takes your measures and those of the children. She procures the stuff for the mourning frocks hastily descended to her side.
He cast a single glance in passing at the snot where the boulder lay and saw that it had done its work well-every one of the savages had been crushed to death.
With heartfelt iov Luke set his wife at liberty and then without loss of time they started back for their cabin, which the redskins had spared from the flames. The cliff was called the Death Rock, and that name it bears to this day.

Drocures the stuff for the mourning frocks and bonnets, and sees to it that they are instantly made. More leisurely she chooses the mourning handkerchiefs and note paper, and, if you carry it so far, the underwear. She tones down to proper decorum the decorations of the drawing-room. She adds everywhere the shadows that go to a proper mourning trousseau. By and by her coupation may vanish, like Othello's, for by and by black may cease to be worn by intelligent women.

> Got the Card He Wanted. [Philadelphia Inquirer.] There was a quiet little game of poker

remarkable hand was filled from the dis-card pack. There were seven in the game, A novel and exceedingly eccounting gown is in a new shade of blue cloth, braided in a mixture of blue and silver in the effective manner shown in the sketch.

The parrow vest is of tan cloth, fastened with gold buttons.

The skirt draperies open on one side over atan underskirt, with rows of small tucks just above the hem.

The sleeves are of tag cloth, smartly arranged with epaulettes of blue cloth, braided with blue and silver.

The smart little toreador hat is of tancolored felt, with a strap of dark blue vel
A novel and exceedingly eccounting arranged in an excellent in favor of his arises to make a speech in favor of his arrived the pot was filled the players are showdown. The last man had nothing whatever in his band, but held up the ace and fire of clubs and called for he header reached him there were but two cards left in the deck for him—they were the decidence and trey of clubs. The player over his features. The dealer took up the discarded cards shulled them, and often when you will indeed them, and often the prisoner.'

The smart little toreador hat is of tancolored felt, with a strap of dark blue vel-

player laid his ace, deuce, trey and five of clubs on the table face upward and said: "Give me that four of clubs." To the as tonishment of every one the dealer threw the card in his hand down on the table, and, sure enough, it was the desired four of clubs, making a straight flush, the highest hand possible, which took the pot. This was the topic of conversation at the club for the rest of the week.

#### A "PASTEL IN PROSE."

By Kind Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and Many Leagues After Catulle Mendes.

[New York Sun.] Because of the most bewildering of little onnets and of bonnet pins like fine stardust, I am a ruined community.

slender purse that I am in trouble because of the most bewildering of little bonnets. s published in this city (or elsewhere) a newspaper which is devoted entirely, or principally, to the interest of the colored race.

H. L. expectation of the most dewritering or interest constructed upon those lines I am a ruined

tifully among all the other women in town; their envious eyes will follow her because of the most bewildering of little bonnets "Little buster among bonnets, did my wife make you?" I asked. "Oh, yes! That is, she had part of me in the house and the milliner furnished the rest." I am a ruined

munity.
This morning I made a big strike in the street, and cleared half a million; I only groaned. Because of the most bewildering of little bonnets I am a ruined community.

tional Civil Service Reform Associa-

result. It resulted in several men losing their characters, one or two were turned out of church, and all was turnoil and con-fusion. Carriages were hired to bring voters

cipients of them) are estensibly made to cover 'the expense attached to the proceed ngs' of recommending them, but it sevi lent that transactions of this character are essentially corrupt."
Then follows an indorsement of the bill relating to the appointment of fourth classe postmasters, introduced by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

The names of William D. Foulke, chairman; Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard H. Dana, Sherman S. Rogers are appended to the report.

Beautiful Lawns.

As a man is known by the company he keeps, so the lawn about one's house is now regarded as a true index to the character and social standing of the householder liv

Mrs. Erastus Jones-Look 'ere, 'Rastus what you gwine to church for wid dat has hat roun' an' take up c'lection? Mr. Erastus Jones-You shet up, 'ooman

Lamar Tells One About Himself. [Chicago Herald.] Justice Lamar, who never accepts a pass or present of any kind, tells of himself this

one: "Down in the locality I call my home lives old John Dillard. Some years ago John presented me with a very fine Alder

It is not because I am a woman with a

I shall on Easter day see my wife go beau

milliner furnished the rest." I am a ruined community.

My wife once told me that she would rather learn to make such good coffee that I should want two cups than have the most bewildering of little bonnets.

I found that she wanted to make coffee in a gold coffee ball, because somebody else made tea in a silver tea ball! Wherefore I am a ruined community.

I curse the flowers that bloom in the spring, and the dewy convebs that glisten in the early morning and all that resembles it, because of the most bewildering of little bonnets.

In vain do I read that American women.

#### EVILS OF OFFICE HUNTING.

Report of Special Committee of the Na-

The report of the special committee to the executive committee of the National Civil Service Reform League is an interesting paper. It contains among other things the following:

following:

"It is not an extravagant estimate so say that more than one-third of the entire time of congressmen time which should properly be devoted to their legislative duties) is consumed in the distribution of offices.

"Your committee examined the indexes of the last Congressional Record of both sessions, and found that out of the 17,078 measures introduced, more than 11,000 were referred to committees and never reported by the committees to which they were referred: that about 1400 were introduced and reported by these committees but never reached final consideration in the respective houses in which they were originally introduced; that something more than 1000 passed the house in which they were introduced but never reached final consideration in the other branch of Congress, while less than 3500 were finally acted upon.

"The agreeience of the last administra-

A Spring Medicine.

To the Editor of The Globe:

"Mother" advertises in your issue of today for a cheap spring medicine. Here is one which will cost her about 30c., and enough for a small family:

14 oz. anake root.

14 oz. quassa chips.

14 oz. Lipman.

15 oz. prickly ash bark.

15 oz. prickly ash bark.

16 oz. cubebs.

16 oz. oz monatrake root.

17 oz. betost root.

18 oz. mountain cranberry.

19 oz. red Paruvian bark.

Mix, pulverize, and steep thoroughly and strain.

10 one swallow half hour before meals.

11 tis Distance from the Earth is 100,
12 OC,000,000,000,000 Miles.

13 Chambers' Journal.]

14 Itis Distance from the Earth is 100,
15 OO,000,000,000,000 Miles.

16 Constress, while less than 3500 were finally acted upon.

"The experience of the last administration, as well as of the present one up to this time, clearly shows that the irregular and unconstitutional mode of distributing public offices serves only to cripple the members who make the appointments and the political party under which it is done. Members of Congress realize this embarrassment when they order an election or caucus among the voters of their own party in the respective neighborhoods where post offices are to be filled. The effort in such cases is undoubtedly to cast from themselves the responsibility of making a choice, which is quite sure to engedient is not only unjust in itself, but it rarely affords the relief sought. It is manifestly unfair to make an appointment of the partons, and if the choice is to be made by the suffrages of those who are interested, it is not just that any should be disfranchised. The result of these elections of that office.

"An among the voters of their own party in the respective neighborhoods where post offices are to be filled. The effort in such cases is undoubtedly to cast from themselves the responsibility of making a choice, which is quite sure to engeder dissension.

"Such an expedient is not only unjust in itself, but it rarely affords the relief sought. It is manifestly unfair to make

of church, and an was turnous and confusion. Carriages were hired to bring voters 14 miles distant, and citizens of another State voted. The doors of the polling places were broken in. Democrats were allowed to vote. There were no safeguards about the polls. No oaths were required, and there was no respect for the election.

"The judges certified the election of one man, but sent a statement with the certification that the election was carried by fraud, the same name appearing upon both papers. The consequence was, I went outside for the postmaster and chose a man who had not voted and took no part in the tight. It moved into town and took the office (worth not more than \$150 per year); but they would have torn the election nomines to pieces if I had recommended him. I look upon these elections as a party disaster."

"Another objection to the patronage systems."

him. I look upon these elections as a party disaster.'

"Another objection to the patronage system is the secrecy by which it is surrounded. Recommendations and petitions, which are signed upon solicitation and which mean nothing; charges and countercharges preferred in the dark; political influence, which is often really exerted in favor of one mai while it appears to be exerted in favor of another; intrigues and defamation of character—all these things are only incidents to a system which produces and nourishes them.

"Another consequence of this system of congressional patronage has been the distribution of offices in many congressional districts by the defeated candidates for Congress belonging to the party in power. This irresponsible and Illegal apportionment of patronage has led to many scandals. In Missouri there are a number of instances in which these distributors of patronage have collected considerable sums of money from the men seeking their recommendations. These 'donations or free girs' (as they have been called by the recipients of them) are estensibly made to

and social standing of the householder living within its borders. A rusty, uneven, faded out lawn is a disgrace to any true American, especially so when for \$2 one can secure enough "English Lawn Fertilizer" to make his lawn become a thing of beauty and a source of perpetual joy. This fertilizer was introduced into this country in 1876, and is now conceded by experts everywhere to be the best lawn and garden dressing in the market, and the wise mair will send to Bradley Fertilizer Company, 27 Kilby street. Boston, for their priced circular before purchasing any dressing for his lawn or garden.

A Handy Stopper. [Harper's Bazar.]

Mr. Erastus Jones—You shet up, 'ooman,
Ireck'n I know my business. When I han'
dis hat roun' I hold my hand right slap
under dat hole so I kin ketch de nickels dat
drop froc an' keep 'em fum' 'sturbin' de
congregation by rollin' on de flo'. I b'leeve
in keepin' things quiet m de meetin'-bouse;
an' 'tain't no place for rollin' money roun'
on de flo'.



We Don't Believe It.

[Harry Romaine in Puck.]
The church was hushed, the rich warm scent
Of flowers filled the Easter air,
The gray old preacher, stern and eloquent, Spoke burning truths and words of wisdom rare. The benediction said, the white-robed choir Chanted from far without a faint amen; Still rapt she sat, a glow of heavenly fire Lighting her sweet face. ""Twas glorious," then At length she spoke; "he preached so grandly that I never even thought of my new hat."

Crowded Quarters.

An Indian waited for a train at a Northern Pacific station in Idaho and while there saw the agent talking into a telephone box. "Umph," said the Indian. "Who you I'm talking to a man," said the agent, Heap little man if him live in there,

said the buck. Shrinking at Sight of New York.

[Lawrence American.]
Mrs. Lumkins—This paper says that the statue of liberty is eight feet lower than when it was put up. How do you account for that?
Lumkins—Easily enough! She's been run into the ground.

That Would Increase the Scare.

Waiting for It to Come Around. [Epoch.] "Wake up, chappie. Which of these

houses is yours?"
Chapple (a little worse for wear), "Zhe one thet-hio-fitsh me night-key-hic-of coursh, shtupid." It is a Very Popular Sentence Down in Maine.

[Chicago Herald.] The following is said to be the shortest sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet: Pack my box with five dozen

Needs White Wings That Won't Get Weary.

[Terre Haute Express.] She looked with dismay at the result of her baking, And remarked, with tears in her eyes, "If this really is angel cake I have been making Then why in the world don't it rise?"

Supposing It is a She? [Ella Higginson in West Shore.]

When one who loves you, and whom you love, has wounded you to the very soul, wait! Be patient and silent until the first keen suffering has worn away. In the end he will suffer more than you, because he burt you. Wonder How He Liked It.

Friend-Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?

Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.

A Bostonian Row. [Harper's Bazar.] "I hear some hard words passed between

"Yes: he called me a megalophonous megalasaurus. To which I retorted that, in convarison with him, the anteditavian cyclepteridæ would not have been in it."

He Was Not Sanguine. [Texas | Siftings.] She—I see that you are disappointed now that I have taken off the mask.

He (resignedly)—O, no, I didn't expect

In Style. [New York Weekly.]

don antiquary for £142.—The table had been the property of Hanbury Miers, who gave certificate as to its former ownership Cromwell. It alleged that it was up-this table that Cromwell appended his s-nature to the death warrant of Charles L

THE OLD LOVE;

HER FORTUNATE FATE.

It was a great change from life among fisher folk to the palatial home of Mrs. Elayne, the mother she had never seen since a child. For Marguerite had been picked up at sea by a kind fisherman after osed to have perished.

Marguerite's cause of sadness was more on account of her having to leave Kenneth. the brave son of the fisherman, whom she

ompliance. "My child," she said, "there is no reason "My child," she said, "there is no reason why you, with your beauty, should not marry exceedingly well. Now, this Mr. De Lyle is a gentleman any girl might 'ancy, and he is wealthy and irreproachable. I have invited him to our next reception, and I wish that you shall exert yourself to fascinate him. My heart is set upon the match."

Bright

and health and vigor files—

Small farmers and other buyers would barCopy-holder—Blazes! Health and vigor gain with the drovers for a pig. Two of the Proof-reader—Health and vigor fly comma-full stop.

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.

WHEN PASSION WEARS MASK.

[Leon Mead in New York Saturday Review.] When passion wears a mask He says kind things,

His love vow rings-He glories in his task,

And many a soft, whispered dear, He scatters into virtue's ear, With specious promises to take All hazards for her own sweet sake— When passion wears a mask.

How little dreams she, too, Of evil ways And wretched days, Of days that she will rue,
Oh, had she known the danger near

BRIGHTON MARKET one and attracted much attention. Wherever the procession appeared the villagers turned out en masse to

What It Was and What It is Not Now.

Why of Its Former Glery Naught but Its Fame Remains.

the wreck in which her mother was sup- A Drove of 1500 Turkeys Once Sent to It-Cattle from Ohio.

loved dearly. It was impossible for her to linger when her mother needed her, so purchase of land at Oak square, Brighton, there was no alternative but to bid him for the use of children as a playground, goodby, with fresh assurances of her devotion, and pass into the new sphere that public attention to the old town of Brighton tion, and pass into the new sphere that awaited her.

Time passed. One evening at a reception which Marguerite, through not feeling well, had not attended, Mrs. Elayne met a young gentleman, the scion of an aristocrat c and wealthy family, whom sho immediately decided in her mind was just the parti she had wished for her daughtet.

When she returned home she told Marguerite of her plans, and commanded her compliance.

Bublic attention to the did town of Brighton and in a measure uot equalled since its annexation to the did town of Brighton and to the left town of Brighton and the lattention to the did town of Brighton and the lattention to the did town of Brighton and to the left town of Brighton and the lattention to the did town of Brighton and the lattention to th

Brighton Centre, formerly the business centre of the town, is in Cambridge street, at the junction of Market street, and distant about a mile from Allston village where the milidam enters Cambridge

cinate him. My heart is set upon the match."

At the familiar name "De Lyle" the quick blood sprang to Marguerite's face, for it was the name Kenneth's friend, the young Lord Falko, had borne. But she had read of his death in the papers soon after she had left home, so, she thought that it could not be any one she knew.

Hitherto she had always dutifully obeyed her mother's commands, even though they had often been very arbitrary; but now her spirit rose in arms to defend her love.

After that the girl had many a bitter sneer to bear, and at last her mother's anger at her firmness culminated.

It was the evening of the reception at which she was to meet for the first time the young foreigner. Looking pale and listless in her rich party cloak, Marguerite sat in her boudoir, awaiting her mother's summons, when, the door opening, Mrs. Elayne entered and confronted her with these words:

"Marguerite, I have something to say to" In the midst of this hamlet the big Cattle

The control of the co

and exports and larger domestic production in agriculture, in fron and steel, leather and boot and shoe manufacture, the country has entered upen the second quarter of the year with great hopefulness.

"Boston finds improvement in wool, leather and domestic hides; active trade in boots and shoes, cotton goods and lumber, and in other building materials. Shipments of boots and shoes to April 5, were 971,027 cases against 891,945 last year, and in three years the increase has been 200,000."

SANCTUM SOUNDS.

The Poem Sounds Pretty, But the Sounds Do Not.

[Des Moines Register.]

Some writer has produced a poem entitled "Sounds irom the Sanctum." It reads just to pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints—one poring over a proof, slip, the other holding the copy; and the sounds would have been something like his:

Proof Reader—As flowers without the sunshine fare—comma—so—comma—without you—coomma—do I breathe a dark and clismal mare—
Copy-holder—Thunder! not mare—air.
Proof-reader—Tis done. As flowers with—The reade in the songe of the control of head of cattle weekly, which were drawn of the copy and the sunshine fare—comma—so—comma—without you—coomma—do I breathe a dark and clismal mare—
Copy-holder—Thunder! not mare—air.
Proof-reader—Tis done. As flowers with—The reade in the synchole of the control of the market, a short sketch of its history will be of interest.

The timportance of the market, a short sketch of its history will be of interest.

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The timportan

Proof Reader—As flowers without the sunshine fare—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I breathe a dark and dismal mare—Copy-holder—Thunder! not mare—air.
Proof-reader—Tis done. As flowers without thesunshine fare—semicolon—confound slug seven! he never justifies his line—no joy in life—comma—no worms—Copy-holder—Warmth. I share—comma—rand health and vigor flies—when a drove went through the town the small farmers and other buyers would barange for the sunshine fare—comma—sand health and vigor flies small farmers and other buyers would bardrovers would hang a pole across their shoulders, steelyards were attached, the shote were strung up, squealing like fun, weighed by a third drover, and driven off

by the customer.
Such hogs weighed from 40 to 125 pounds.
They were kept until they had increased Such hogs weighed from 40 to 125 pounds. They were kept until they had increased largely in weight and then sold azain. Prices ruled rather higher that at present, as Western pork was not thought much of and brought a centor two less a pound than the home product. The reverse is the rule today; grain costs too much in New England, and the swill-fed hogs raised in Canton. Dedham, Milton, Quincy and Arlington are not equal to the corn-fed hogs of the West.

Ordinarily, the cattle sold in Brighton

the West.
Ordinarily, the cattle sold in Brighton were raised in New England. The drovers or their agents went through the towns. Periodically the cattle were collected and driven on foot to market. Occasionally, when the supply was short, New York State contributed. One year, about 1840, a large drove came through from Ohio.

The market was not devoted wholly to the sale of cattle. Large quaprities of poplity.

See the Novel Spectacle. "Market day" in Brighton was on Mon day. It was afterwards changed to Wednes-day, as the citizens of Cambridge objected to the cattle being driven through the

streets of that town on Sunday. Market day attracted a large number of Market day attracted a large number of people. On that day Brighton was a lively, bustling place, teeming with life and activity. The cattle pens were located around about the Cattle Fair Hotel between the hotel building and the site of the Catholic church which has recently been built. The drovers would go from one to another of the pens, making as good a trade as possible with their occupants.

In addition to the drovers, the Boston marketmen were present, with the agents

marketmen were present, with the agents of the Winchesters' barreling works, located in Cambridge, and the representatives of other packing establishments. At noon all gathered at the hotel, famed for the excellence of its cuisine as well as for the quality of its liquors. Another well patronized hotel was that kept by Wilson, the proprietor of the New England House, Beston.

Boston.
The Cattle Fair Hotel was at first kept by Porier, who removed to North Cambridge about 1842 and established a market there. The well-known hostelry, Porter's Hotel, was his headquarters. The market day was on Tuesday.

In addition to their regular trade both these hotels were frequented by sleighing and eventsion parties from Boston and

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT "I'm sure you'll like her," said Aunt Jane.

'She's beautiful."
"Is she, aunt?" I replied. "Well, I like cautiful girls." "A blonde, with hair like spun gold-" "Which is false." I added.

"No. indeed. And a complexion which is imply exquisite. And, what is more to the purpose, she has property." Well, I don't object to property."

"Of course not. My dear boy, it's the chief end of my existence to see you well

hand, and a long braid hanging over her arm, while her companion was busy brushing over a thick stick the curl which had rested coquettishly on her left shoulder. "Where's the rouge, Beck?" said Miss Pugsley, a few moments later.

"La!" cried Beck, "I declare I forgot it." "How could you? I wouldn't have washed my face if I'd known there wasn't any more color. I shall be pale as a ghost!"

"The photographer can touch up the cheeks of the picture." consoled her friend. At this stage of the proceedings I was aroused from a sort of trance by my friend's hand on my shoulder.

"Hello, old fellow! Any customers?"

For an answer I pointed toward the open door of the dressing-room, and then made my escape as fast as I could.

"She's here!" cried aunt Jane, as she rushed into my sanctum.

"Hair and all?" I inquired.

"Of course, hair and all! What do you "Of course, hair and all! What do you mean?"

"All right, aunt. I'll be down presently."
Miss Pugsley looked up with an artless smile as I entered the room, but she started perceptibly as I approached her.

"Beck!" she cried huskily to a young lady in the background. "it's the young man of the photograph gallery!"

"The photographer's assistant, Miss Pugsley." I said quietly.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane.
"We're only rehearsing characters," I replied.

Need I say that I never married Miss Pugsley, nor received a copy of the photograph which had been taken for my benefit, and mine alone?

KELLY WAS NO SAILOR.

Handsome Mike Proved it Once to Several Noted Players. Capt. Kelly of the Boston brotherhood team has become very fond of yachting since making his home in this city. A few days ago ne was amusing some friends by telling them of his first attempt

to sail a boat. Perhaps it would be best to use Kelly's own words: "When I was with the Chicago club in 1885 we were playing at Providence. Ed Williamson and Tom Burns were expert yachtsmen, and after the game every even-ing would hire a boat and take a sail down

ing would hire a boat and take a sail down the bay.

"I made up my mind to give them a surprise one evening, and hired the fastest boat the man had. I let them get well down the harbor before I started. The wind was with me, and, with the sail spread out, all I had to do was to hold the tiller handle. How that old boat cut through the water!

handle. How that old boat cut through the water!

"We were all in our ball uniforms, and ready for a swim if the boat upset. Williamson and Burns pulled in shore and were having a swim. I sailed the old boat in close to give them the laugh, and turned her a little too far, the water coming in over the deck.

"Come in. old man, and have a swim,' sang out Burns.
"But every time I tried-to turn the thing I nearly upset, so I made up my mind to keep right along. The boys saw my predicament and jumped into their boat and came after me.

"Point her into the wind!' sang out Williamson.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

Boston, Monday, April 14.

BOSTON, MONDAY, ASPA CAME BUTTER.—There has been a sharp decline in the market owing to an accumulation of stocks and last week's heavy receipts. Fresh-made butter is doing fairly well and dairy stock is in moderate demand. There is a good fair business done in oleomargarine s good tair buishess done in cleonargarine is are firm.

be: Creamery, Northern, extra, 20@22e, Western, extra, 20@21e; do, extra 1st, do, 1st, 11@15c; Franklin Co., Mass., amery, box, 20@22; do, N. Y., extra, N. Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 18@20c; do do 1st, Western dairy, extra 1st, 15@16; do, 1st, Western dairy, extra 1st, 15@16; do, 1st, Western initiation creamery, extra, 16@1adle-packed, extra 1st, ...@14; do, 1st, Trunk butter, 14, b or 1/2 b prints, extra, extra 1st, 18@10c 3f bt, 20, 12\frac{1}{2} c, 2\frac{1}{2} c, 2\f

New Cheese—New York extra, 18 lb. do 1st, 10@11c; do, 2ds, 7@9c; tra, 1114@111b;c; do, 1st, 10@11c; dc; part skims, 4@7c; 8kims, 2@3c; 10b/qc; Ohio 1sts, 1@10c, upotations, white, 54s; de demand has been moderate during d receipts are large, although the mar-

There is no special change in the mar-st week. There is a steady demand for rades and prices are firm at previous

Grocerias.

1. 231,6... ITS AND NUTS—The green fruit trade has sed somewhat and good prices are generally d. Oranges are in active demand and prices ady. Dried fruits are in fair demand for the 

market for refined sugar is fairly

prices are steady.

e: Cut-loaf, 7%ec; crushed, 7%ec; pul-; cubes. 65/ec; powdered, 6½ec; gran-1.16@6 3-16c; Confectioners' A. 6c; Stan-13-16c; Extra C, 5%ec; C, 4 15-16@ eilow, 5½65%ec. FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine Flour, \$2.60\tilde{x}.85; Superfine, \$2.85\tilde{x}.35; Common extras, \$3.30\tilde{x}.400; Choice extras, \$4.35 (&4.85; Minnesota bakers, \$3.05\tilde{x}.475; Detection of the common extras, \$3.30\tilde{x}.400; Choice extras, \$4.40 (&4.85; Minnesota bakers, \$3.05\tilde{x}.475; Detection of the common extrast of the common extraction of the common

Fish. week past:

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$29.00@30.00;
No 1, do do, \$25.00@26.00; No 1, shore, \$23.00;
No 1 Bay, \$22.00; No 2 Bay, \$21.00; No 2 medium, \$20.00; No 3, ordinary, \$19.00;
No 3, medium, \$18.00@18.50; No 3 large, \$19.00

\$19.50; No 2, large, \$21.00@22.00; No 1, \$23.00

\$25.00 0.00. ddsh—Dry Bank, large, \$5.50@5.75; do, do, inn., \$4.75@5.00; do. N. S. Shore, \$....@; Pickled Bank, \$4.88@5.00; Georges, \$6.25@5.60; Pickled Bank, \$4.88@5.00; Georges, \$6.25@60ck, \$3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickled, \$2.50 (3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickled, \$2.50 (3.25@3.50; Boneless, 4.@4\footnote{2} & Bir. Boneless Additional Physics of the Company of th

Miscellaneous. Miscellaueous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 7@8; New England steers, green, 5; do, cow, 3@84/c; do, do, bulls, 28/4/3; Salted steers, 64/6/7; do, cows, 5@54/c; bulls, 44/2/6/4/4. Calfskins—deacons, 22@40c; 5/4/7 bs, 60/6/6; 7@1 bs, 70/6/5c; 9@12 bs, 85/6/90c; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8; Tex flint rough, 6@... Texas kips, 9@...; Benos Ayres, 13/6.: Cordova, 13/4; Rio Grande kips, 0/4/6/11; Steira Leone, 11; Bissao & Gambia, 9@10; Zanathar hides, 9@...; Tamative, 8@81/2; Dry Chinas, 10/4/6/12. abar bides, 9@ ..; Tamative, \$@8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12, 
8EEDS.—We quote as follows: Clover, West, \$\tilde{\pi}21\\ \pha\_0 12, \\
\tilde{\pi}22, \tilde{\pi}2 25/yc.

TOBACCO.—We quote: Havana wrappers, \$3.50 @5.00; do, fine fillers, \$1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, \$6.50@51.05; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, \$5@1.00; fair, \$8.20%; Kentucky logs, \$24;@4c; do, leaf, 74;@4.20; do, binders, \$30.20; do, binders, \$30.20; do, binders, \$30.20; do, com and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, \$6.25; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, \$1.50@2.75. 41/2@21/2.
WOOL.—The receipts of wool the past week were 3919 bales domestic and 2945 bales foreign, against 3989 bales domestic and 1846 bales foreign last week, and 5099 bales domestic and 5851 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1889.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, April 10, 1890: Eastern cattle, 265; Western cattle, 2504; North-ern cattle, 269. Total, 3038. Western shear, and lambs, 6477; Northern shear Western sheep and names of the western sheep and lambs, 744; Eastern sheep and lambs, 744; Eastern sheep and restain 122. Svine, 24,502. Veals, 1419. Horses, 1060. Prices of Northern and Eastern beef cattle per nundred pounds, live weight, ranged from \$2.00 are hundred pounds, dressed 14.50. rices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed ght, ranged from \$4.00 to \$6.75. rices of Western beef cattle per 100 lbs. live ght, ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.50.

And wretched days.

New York Weekly.)

Mr. De Style—Let's go to the theatre to night.

Mrs. De Style—I have nothing to wear.

Mr. De Style—I have raindrops are beating against my office windows, and higher up in the mountains the snow is again threatening our railway communication. To eyes new to the country, a journey from one end of our country to the other must seem strange indeed. Coming into the country on its eastern horders on the

Truly California is a country of surprise and one that all its sons and daughters, native and adopted, swear by.

HAD TEETH IN HIS THROAT.

Through the Stomach of Lorenzo Hinkley of Madrid Were a Metal Plate

and Two Grinders Removed. PORTLAND, Me., April 11.-The operation of removing two false teeth on a metal plate from the esophagus through the stomach of Lorenzo Hinkley of Madrid, of which the preliminary operation was perpleted at the Maine General Hospital today by Lewis W. Pendleton of the surgical staff. The case is a novel one, and has

Shot the Cow.

[Forest and Stream.]
The day before we had been practicing with our rifles near camp, and we found a dead cow in the creek soon after. I saw the him there was a dead cow near our camp He said he supposed it had died of the blackleg. and would be down to skin it. He came down with a cowboy about 12, and came down with a cowboy about 12, and Simpson went to show him where it was. I and New Hampshire extra, 13e; A half-hour later he came back with a land is., 12@12\go. & doz. A half-hour later he came back with a long face and said: "Boys, you have played the devil; you shot that cow." "By are about sufficient to meet the graphy." said I "where did we hit." the devil; you shot that cow." "By Receipts are about sufficient to meet the d. which is fair. Yellow Eyes are scarce and evalued in the contracts.

Receipts are about sufficient to meet the d. which is fair. Yellow Eyes are scarce and evalued in the contracts.

It which is fair. Yellow Eyes are scarce and evalued in the contracts.

It was also and the contract of ganny," said I, "where did we hit

Household. This great work contains hands, teeth, nair, etc., etc., etc., Medical. It tells how to cure, by simple yet reliable Medical. It home remeties, available in every household, every disease and aliment that is curable, this department forming a complete medical book, the value of which in any home can hardly be computed In dollars and cents.

Invention and Discovery, Remarkably interesting description of great inventions, including the Steam Englise, the Telegraph, the Printing Press, the Electric Light, the Newing Machine, the Telephone, the Type Writer, the Type Setting Machine, the Cotton Gin, etc.

Calliope in Harness. "Can it be only 6 o'clock?" said John, opening his watch. "There goes the whis-

"That's not the whistle, dear," put in Mrs. John. "It is the new cook, singing in the kitchen.

Part of It Isn't True. It is not at all true that when a man's mother-in-law dies his first thought is that she deserves a monument, and his second that he must be sure and make it heavy enough to keep her down.

Discreditable Suggestion. (Texas Siftings.)
Visiting friend—It must cost a good deal
of money to be a student?
Student—It takes some money at first, but
afterwards you can live on credit.

Is This Authoritative? [New York Truth.] This year the yellow garter wearing, which formerly was a popular, although carefully hidden Easter custom among the ladies, has fallen into complete disuse.

Lost, Because He Wouldn't Look. (Barper's Bazar.)
"I tell you 'finis' is always at the end of
the book; never in the middle or first part."
"I'll bet you a fiver you'll find it under
'F' in the dictionary."

It Pays to be Wicked. Emile Zola has made \$100,000 by his novel "Nana." THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..... ....3 P. M. LAND STOCKS. 81/4 .50 ston W Power 63/8 31/4 51/8 .55 18/4 75 377/8  $\frac{217\frac{1}{2}}{174\frac{1}{2}}$ 261

Atlantic & Pac. 63/8
Boston & Alb... 216 entral Mass... 17 entral Mass pf. 373/4 383/4 lev & Canton. — lev & Can pref 231/2 52 Y & N Eng. 45 451/4 Y & N E pref 1181/2 119 orwich & Wor — 117 631/2 301/8 MINING STOCKS. 38/4

228/4 81 .621/2 BONDS

121/4

Atchison 4s ... 84½ Atchison inc... 60½ Mexic'n Cen 4s 70½ Mex C Istinc 3s — Mexi'cin Ce inc. — Wis Cen 1st 5s. 98½ Wis Cen inc... 59½ California, Rain, rain, rain in the valleys and foothills, and snow, snow, snow in the mountains. And even yet it keeps up its steady pace. As I write this, the constant MISCELLANEOUS. 21/4

> Am Cotton Oll. 25.72
> Am Pneu Tool. 24.2
> Am Pneu Tool. 34.2
> Bay State Gas. 23
> Burton 8 Opref 84.2
> Chi, Boak Liver 107
> Europ'n Weld'g 113
> Fort Wayne El 14.54
> Illinois Steel... 91
> Mt Desert & ES .75
> N Y Desnatch. 107
> Nat Lead Trust. 174,8
> near Trust. . 62%

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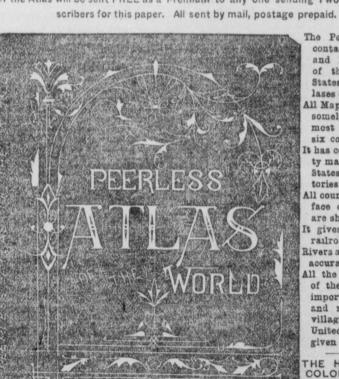
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Address THE WEEKLY CLOBE, Boston, Mass.

States; the agricultural productions of the United States; the mineral products of the United States: the

Rifle Shooting in the Cascades. [Forest and Stream. We were travelling through the thick timber, and I was back with the packs, while

two of the men were ahead on foot cut-ting out a trail through the down timber. Presently some one called out, "Here are some grouse," and a moment later I heard my partner's gun speak. I dismounted, and when I had stepped forward to where he was shooting saw quite a number of Franklin's grouse on the ground and one in a tree not more than 20 feet above me. I cut off his head quite hanging to the neck by a thread of skin. The other Franklin's grouse were running away through the timber, and my friend was killing them, but as I stepped about among the dwarf huckleberries, looking to see if there were any others in the trees, I startled two old male blue grouse, which flew the into the trees not more than 15 or 20 yards away, and with two shots I cut their two necks. This made 15 snots, of which three had been misses.

We kept on our way up the mountain and made camp under the rocks at the edge of the snow at about 4 o'clock. After the loads were off, the tents up and the fire going, three of us startled out to take a prospect for sign along the foot of the rocks. My partner turned of to the right while Dick and liwent to the left. We had not advanced ced more than 200 or 300 yards, when just as we raised a little ridge, I saw a sheep when I had stepped forward to where he

about 50 yards distant walking away from a little spring in a meadow. Its buttocks were toward us, so I did not shoot, but lay there fat on the ground 'until it had passed over the next little rise. Then I ran forward and presently saw it standing broadside on about 75 yards distant. I killed it with a shot behind the shoulders.

A Terror to Plagiarists.

[Detroit Free Press.] During the war we used to read of com

panies falling back, regiments giving ground, and brigades becoming demoralized. and the average reader took it for cowardice and openly expressed his contempt. No man ever went into battle twice alike No company, regiment or brigade were ever situated twice alike. A man may be very brave in one battle and very timid in the

next. His physical and mental conditions have much to do with it.

A private soldier knows the position of his entire brigade in a fight. If the position

is a strong one he is encouraged; if the flanks are exposed or the defences are weak he is nervous and apprehensive. It is a grand stake the soldier plays for in battle. If he wins he may live on until the

next fight. If he loses he gets a headstone in a national cemetery. I cannot make you understand the situa-tion better than to give you personal experiences. The great majority of soldiers had the same feeling and passed through

the same experiences.
At first Bull Run my brigade gained ground for several hours. This, with a small loss of men, kept us encouraged. Indeed, it was hard for the officers to restrain us. Every man was hopeful and determined, and any single company would have charged a regiment.

The panic had upset thousands before it touched us. Indeed, the retreat had been going on for two hours before we got word. We were well in hand and ready to advance when the news reached us. In five minutes every man was shaky. In 10 minutes men whose faces were powder-stained were sneaking out of the ranks to gain the rear. an a quarter of an hour half a company of Confederates could have driven the whole brigade like'a flock of sheep.

I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from

weakness.

Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave way to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one would stop to reason; no one cared whether his comrane was shead or behind. This was called cowardice, but it was not. It was panic—the terror of battle—a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble and groan and cry.

drop on their faces and tremble and groan and cry.

This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back.

On the other hand the Confederate troops, posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's hill, loked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing they could beat back any force.

One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on 13 different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

pity for the numan targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. It was an atural rifle-pit, and sheltered us so well that we had only a slight loss in killed and wounded. As the Confederates charged across the fields we felt to pity them.

Ve poured in our voileys without fear of We poured in our volleys without fear of danger in return, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrific fire from cannon and musketry.

At Cold Harbor, after beating on everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the Confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate.

to evaporate.
At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover

At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. One band of prisoners numbering about 30 was led nast us on their way to the rear, and I noticed many were crying and all were whitefaced.

I have seen the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second-lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of lea ing a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a dich and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge.

presented to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge.

Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide, it is only brave men who face the grim mouster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the soreaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand returns.

WOMEN AND TONGS.

They Proved Too Much for a Stag at Bay.

A great deal of laughter has been ex pended on womankind for taking the broom as a weapon in "shooting" an enemy, but, after all, why should not one use the implement to which she is most accustomed? Great execution is possible with the weapon

Great execution is possible with the weapon of our choice, as an English woman living in Candada has proved.

She was one day greatly interested in putting out the family washing to dry. Sheets and tablecloths were on the line, which, to her horror, suddenly fell, dropping her spotless clothes in the dirt.

A large buck caught by the antiers was the cause of the trouble. There was not a man within five miles—they had all gone to a neighbor's for the day. The deer nlunged about, and the woman screamed. Something had to be done, and done at once. There was a fine gun in the house, loaded, but she would not approach it, as firearms were her especial dread.

Among her many possessions she had a large pair of tongs. She thoroughly understood this firearm, and with all her housewifely instincts outraged she seized them and began the attack.

Within five minutes the buck's skull was pounded to a jelly and then the victor, her clothing slightly forn, sat down and indulged in a good cry.

Brush Your Hair at Night.

[New York Sun.] No woman need expect to have her hair

looking beautiful who goes to bed without taking it down and giving it its night dressing. A woman who has wonderfully beautiful hair says: "I take out all the pins, brush my hair well, and then plait it carefully but loosely, so that in the morning it is not in a snarl. I usually try to brush it 10 minutes, but when I can get some body else to do it for me the sepsation is so delicious that I almost wish they could keep on forever. Of course, I sit down to brush it, because standing taxes the strength too much. I am one of the people who believe in learning the easiest way to do everything, for really the same ends may be gained with less exertion. The foolish woman is the one whe rushes about her room in dressing, paces the floor while buttoning her gloves, stands while she is arranging her hair, and the result of her folly shows itself in her weariness when the time for recreation arrives." Think over all this, you nervous women. Try to recognize the wastefulness of misapplied endeavor, and while you strive in every legitimate way to make yourselves look as pretty as possible, save your strength for something for which it will absolutely be required. my hair well, and then plait it carefully but

A Sturdy Word for Typewriters. (E. F. Flynn in Chic.

There is nothing nowadays that gives the newspaper paragrapher quite so much joy as the construction of sentences that are supposed to be humorous about the young ladies who manipulate typewriters. They seem to have ousted the plumber in the affections of the paragrapher. The Gossiper, in his travels about the offices of the city, and in the places where the click of the typewriter denotes the presence of a young woman, has seen many young women stenographers and he has to say for them all that they are ladies, and their manners in the office would not offend the conventionalities of the strictest drawing-room. They de not flirt; they do not give clerks or pro-

THE TERROR OF BATTLE.

Prietors the slightest opportunity for advances that by the wildest imagery could be construed into impropriety. In Cincinnati there are engaged as typewriters and stenographers young women fit for the most exclusive society. They are cultivated, clever, and in many instances better educated than the persons for whom they work. The Gossiper knows of several young ladies of culture and high mental training engaged in this profession, so essentially a feminine one. Several of them were gently reared in handsome homes, but reverses in family fortunes, death, all the circumstances that prompt women to seek to earn an honorable and independent livelihood, drew them into a profession that is not alone agreeable, but well paid. The humor that depends for an existence upon the unjustly assumed belief that "the fair typewriter." as she is called, is more inclined to diritation than a belle of the Four Hundred, if as much so, is very attenuate, and scarcely worthy the labor of production.

#### DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE.

The Siren of the Slipper and the Young Man Who Loved Her, But Who

possessed two.

Tom's Cabin" company.

They were from St. Louis, these two; but they were to be pitied rather than con- I became quite familiar with the modus demned for that. They were born there and knew no better. Gaston belonged to crude in the extreme. one of the old French families, while the father of Gladys had made a fortune by inventing a patent corkscrew. They were well matched, and the world said that when Gaston Montespan led the lovely heiress to the altar, the good old city of St. Louis the altar, the good old city of St. Louis more technical manner, landed upon the more technical manner, landed upon the struck the surface.

As Gladys uttered the words with which our story opens, she stood with one white arm about Gaston's neck, while in the opposite hand she heid a slipper of white satin. The satin in the slipper had been intended for the manufacture of a ball dress, but Gladys found that there was a superabundance of material. In fact enough for a pair of slippers for herself, and so the ball dress was abandoned, and the slippers were made instead.

instead.
"Drink."
The monosyllable was uttered in a tone that was half a prayer, half a mandate; yet Gaston youchsafed no answer, save the low, soft refrain of "Little Annie Rooney," which Striking a mad scene in "Article 47" atti-

Striking a mad scene in "Afficie 47" autitude, she exclaimed:
"Gaston, you have said that you love me, then listen. This slipper of mine contains the contents of two quart bottles of champagne, sparkling and delicious as champagne alone can be. I have been reading of the young men at White Sulphur Springs who drink champagne from the slippers of reigning belles. I fain would emulate them. If you love me, drink."

In harsh, firm tones the young man answered:

"The scene represented the Thames at Henley by moonlight. A flock of swans, kept in motion by the property man, who stood in the wings and practiced at short range with a putty-blower, swam along the

In harsh, firm tones the young but I swered.

"Gladys, heaven knows I love you; but I cannot drink two quarts of champagne at one fell gulp. That were madness. Girl, you would fain get me paralyzed."

And so saying he strode into the gloaming. With a shriek of anguish Gladys cried.
"I shall have to drink it myself."

Talking About Smart Dogs.

(Kansas City Times.)
"You talk about your smart dogs." said Detective Hays the other day, in conversa-tion with a party of sportsmen. "but I had a setter once that was one of the me markable and best trained dogs that I ever knew. I had him in New Orleans once and was at the St. Charles Hotel. One morning, when I came down from breakfast. I saw my dog squatted in the middle of the olifice floor "pointing" to the clerk's desk. He had the true position of the setter in a qual brush. Quite an admiring crowd was gathered about him wondering what he was up to. I walked up to the desk, feeling certain that my dog scented game. I saw nothing, however, and was just about to chide the animal when, happening to glance on the register. I saw this: 'A. Partridge.' Oh, but that was a smart dog!" was at the St. Charles Hotel. One morning.

Willing to Let It Drop.

An old negro in Albany was brought up on a charge of stealing and tried in the Suerior Court during Judge Wright's time. The case was presented to the court by prominent young lawyer, the solicitor, and the old negro was ordered to stand up. "Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.
"Naw. sah."

"Naw. sah."
"Are yon able to employ one?"
"Naw. sah."
"Do you want a lawyer to defend your "Not partickler, sah."
"Well, what do you propose to do about

the case?"
"We-ll-ll," with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing. "I'm willin' to drap de case, s'fur as I'm consarned."

Mean, But True.

Chatter.)
The boys at a certain college not far from New York have got what they call a "fearful down on Prof. X." Consequently they make his life a howling failure. He was woke up at 1 in the morning the other day by a violent ringing at his bell. Drawing on his dressing.gown, he threw up his window and inquired what was the matter.
"Burglars are around, and we wanted to tell you that one of your windows is open."
"The one you have got your head stuck out of," replied the students in chorus.

The Maligning Mother-in-Law.

Mrs. Van Bibb-What is the matter with my husband, doctor?
Dr. Schmerz—Well, he has symptoms of mania a potu, in addition to acute cephalgia

and nasal hyperæmia.

Mrs. Van Bibb-Oh, dear! What do you

Mrs. van Bibb-Ch. dear: What do you suppose caused it?
Dr. Schmerz-I think it is due to excessive cerevisiac and caudagallic absorption.
Mrs. Van Bibb-Poor, dear fellow! And mother said there was nothing the matter with him, except that he had been drinking too much. I shall never forgive her.

A Natural Conclusion Philadelphia Press.)
Prosecuting attorney (holding up an uncertain looking object before the jury)-Gen-tlemen, my client was struck over the head

of the composing room.

Opposing lawyer (after a hurried consultation with his client)—Your honor, the gentleman opposing me is in error; that is Judge-what is it, then?
Opposition-It is the office towel.

> His View of It. [Terre Haute Express.]

Mrs. Wickwire-You know very well that your cigar bill for one day amounts to more than all my incidental expenses for a week. Mr. Wickwire—Yes; that's just a woman's luck. I wish I could get along as cheaply as you can.

Quits.

[New York Sun.]
Mrs. Tattle—I blame my husband for renembering only one-half what I say to him.

Mrs. Terwilliger—Well? Mrs. Tattle—He blames me for saying twice as much to him as I should.

He Had No Words [Chicago Tribune.]
Foreign prince-My dear mees, I haf no

words to tell you how mooch I lofe— American herress—Put it in figures, then, my dear prince. Put it in figures. How would \$10,000 a year do?

Realism. [Society.] Harriet-Let's play cleaning house, will

ou, Henry? Henry-All right: you pound your fingers with the tack hammer and I'll upset the stove pipe and say dammit.

### STAGE REALISM

The Actors Enjoy It Rather Less Than the Audience.

A Chilly Bath and Its Aftermath of Rubbing and Hot Lemonades.

Adventures of the Jockey in "The County Fair"-An Acrobat's Feats.

[New York World.]

The tank drama generated the realistic craze, and the first to attain success in this country was the "Dark Secret." The author manages to drop his leading lady, leading man and light comedy gentleman overboard, but the bulk of the aquatic werk is so low as to be almost decollete—faltered as she whispered this exhortation in the seashell-tinted ear of which Gaston Monta shell-tinted ear of which Gaston Montespan escaped without accident. Here is her story told by herself:

moorings. At this sound the young man felt his whole being thrill as it had never thrull before. "In the early days of the transpontine sion on his face which could have earned him \$10 a week as the villain of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. man's victim in near a score of these plays. operandi of this startling effect. It was

'The frowning cliff from which the heroine was thrown was never more than six feet high, the watery depths into which she descended commonly consisted of three rows of very stiff profile waves, and when They were sitting in the twilight just now, and the gloaming was just beginning its usual gloam, while the purple haze of coming night was doing business at the old stand.

handful of salt thrown through a trap by a super beneath the stage, while her drowning gasps were produced with the aid of a handkerchief thrust half-way down her throat. But the introduction of the stage-tank has changed all this, and the dramatic drowning scene as done today is a triumph of exciting realism. The 'Dark Secret' was the first play to present the spectacle of a woman struggling and finally sinking in a river of real water, and for two seasons I was that woman.

"The experience was the most unique that I have yet encountered in my theatri-cal career, and there was an element of danger in it which made it doubly exciting. After being cast overboard I swam some 20

After being cast overboard I swam some 20 feet, sank and remained under water for one entire minute, until the convenient here dived and prought me to the surface. This is how I did it.

"The scene represented the Thames at Henley by moomlight. A flock of swans, they in motion by the property man, who stood in the wings and practiced at short range with a putty-blower, swam along the opposite shore and made desperate efforts to ear the gutta bercha water lities which to ear the gutta bercha water lities which some sweeps, and helped to turn about the steam launch and small boats as they sailed on and off the scene. My costume was as light and simple as it was possible to make it. The dress was of fiannel throughout, and about my whist I wore a canvas belt if filled with shot, which aided me in sinking a man cin may halr was coiled in the tightest kind of a knot.

"My shoes were of canvas, I wore no hat, and my halr was coiled in the tightest kind of a knot.
"My shoes were of canvas, I wore no hat, and my halr was coiled in the tightest kind of a knot.
"The action passes and at last the villain as usual wasts a compromising document, which I as usual firmly refuse to give un, He calls me 'Gur-rrh,' and grinds has teeth after the manner of all heavy men. Then be begins to threaten me, and the core was a miscalcular for me to do so.
"The action passes and at last the villain as usual wasts a compromising document, which I as usual firmly refuse to give un, He calls me 'Gur-rrh,' and grinds have been a did not a kind was to have made the server were and the additional man continues to threaten. He serves my wrist and we make a rush to the footlights, followed by a dash up stage to the river bank. The orchestra begins a very piano harmony, and the swans scenting a disturbance disappear from view despite the property-man and his putty-blower.

"Looking off the scene I see the leading man cin the will be a work of the action of the cates was a server and the way it caught to day the beat was a cauton. "After thrashing

orchestra begins a very piano harmony, and the swans scenting a disturbance disappear from view despite the property-man and his putty-blower.

"Up in the files I catch a glimpse of the calcium man getting the range of the centre of the tank, which he invariably misses, and the next moment I am overboard.

"The water is three feet deep, and, turning on my side, I support myself upon one arm while I wildly beat about with the other, stricking meanwhile. The villain leaves the stage, sits down on the edge of the tank and makes faces at me expressive of demoniacal triumph. Slowly I work my way out until I am directly over the little tank, which is sunk in the centre of the large one and gives an adultional depth of ixix feet. I reach down, grash a cross-bar and draw myself under water.

"Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, I hold on like grim death and await the shock which I know is coming.

"The leading man, who has dived from the boat above, shoots through the water and drives his head into my shoulder with a

"The leading man who has dived from the boat above, shoots through the water and drives his head into my shoulder with a force that knocks the final breath out of me and sends it in bubbles to the surface. We come to the top and the shock of the applause, bursting suddenly upon my ears, nearly deafens me, while the blazing lights seem to blister my eyes. The men in the boat grab us by the hair and hold us up in the calcium light. Picture, realistic range

the calcium light. Picture, realistic rainstorm, which makes us still damper, and

the calcium light. Picture, realistic rainstorm, which makes us still damper, and slow curtain.

"All dripping and clammy as I am I take my call and then fiv to my dressing room, where 10 minutes of rubbing by an expert from the Turkish bath, joined with a red-hot lemonade, restores my normal temperature and does away with the danger of taking cold. During the two seasons that I nightly took this rather elaborate plunge I encountered but two accidents.

"The first occurred in Boston. The steam launch, which is off the stage during my drowning scene, was put in the charge of an inexperienced man. In fooling with the machinery he pushed the wrong lever and bore down upon me at full speed.

"I sank, and the launch passed over me, the rapidly revolving screw just grazing my head, but the audience imagined that it was simply an additional effect and applanded accordingly.

"The second mishap took place in Pittsburg, It was midwinter, and the steampines which are used to heat the water to a temperature of 70 degrees were all out of order. The manager wanted to cut the plunge out. I decided to take it and did so, and when I reached the little tank I was seized with a cramp and sank. There was a wait of half an hour before the curtain rose again, and the physicians who were called in told me that at one time they had nearly given me up. The following night I wore three life preservers and could not sink."

nearly given line up. The following night I wore three life preservers and could not sink."

Charles J. Jackson, who nightly tempts Providence by riding the winning horse in the "County Fair" race scene, has thus far met with nothing more serious than a sprained knee. He tells of the sensations attending his task:

Although Mr. Burgess took every possible precaution against accidents when he constructed the machine upon which the "County Fair" horses race, it has already occasioned three one of which nearly resulted fatally. The first occurred in Philadelphia, where I, the horse that I was riding, and that section of the machine upon which he was running, went through the stage, and fell 10 feet into the cellar. The shaking up was a severe one, but neither the horse nor I was injured.

"In the second accident my leg was caught between my horse and the trace which held him upon his treadmill, almost snapping the tendons, and in the third one of the two jockeys that ride against me went off of his mount and broke four ribs. These mishaps, in connection with the fact that no accident insurance company will give me a policy at less than ruinous rates, induce me to believe that my chances for me a policy at less than rulnous rates, in-duce me to believe that my chances for ending up in a hospital or some home for permanently damaged actors are excellent. "The machine upon which the race is run "The machine upon which the race is run is very simple in its construction. It consists of three treadmills, placed side by side and moving in separate at over across the stage. A horse, held in position by steel traces anchored to the flooring, is placed upon each mill. These mills are drawn backward and forward by wires which run around windlasses on both sides of the stage, an arrangement by which the positions of the horses during and at the close of the race are regulated. During the first part of the last act the race-track is masked from view by a drop, and long before the time arrives two of the horses, with their riders mounted, are in position on the treadmills.

steve pipe and say dammit.

Garconiana.

Society.

Guest-Garcon, this apron is moist.

Garcon-Yes, I wept over it this morning when I thought how small your pour boire for breakfast was.

Incers mounted, are in position on the dead in ill.

"In the scene just preceding the race my horse is hitched to a wagon and after Aunt Abby and the rest of the family have climbed in I drive him on. My lockey costume is covered by an old linen duster. The moment that the horse comes off the stage on the opposite side he is taken off the staffs. his racing saddle and bridle are rapidly put on and I, in full racing regalia.

Mysteries in Turkish Houses

Women Whose Favorite Pastime is the Bath-A Vivid Picture.

Their Embroidery, Their Gossip, Their Jealousies and Their Husbands.

[Olive Harper in Pittsburg Bulletin.] the wives and slaves of all the well-to-do

some, indeed, not over 12 and 14 years old—take their lunch along, and they eat and steam, plunge and splash, and play pranks upon each other in the wildest glee the whole day long.
No fear of an angry husband haunts their

Turks, and it is like a picnic of school chil-

minds, for they are not expected to do any-thing, and their husbands very rarely enter the harems before 6 o'clock. By this time they are all back, rosy and sweet from their At the baths there is often an old woman

on to the revolving panorama and it shoots across the stage, just grazing the inside rider.

"Out go the lights again, dewn comes the drop, the excited horses gradually slow up, and I have escaped one more chance of going to the aforesaid hospital or the before mentioned actors' home."

Eugene Adamson, a young actor of repute of the popular-price circuits and an occasional entertainer at the variety theatres, describes his work as follows:

"Realism on the variety stage is as yet in its infancy, possibly because there is but one class of performers who would derive any profit from its advancement. The acrobatic comedian, technically known as 'the knockabout,' in his search for constant novelty, gradually introduced realistic effects into his specialty.

"They partook of the strange and startling, and were constantly elaborated. As the sole object of the 'knockabout' team is to cause each other an unlimited quantity of apparent physical injury, it can be seen that these effects consisted principally of novein methods of personal attack. In the early days of the vaudeville one artist knocked the other down with the flat of his hand, then somebody introduced the stuffed club, and today the 'knockabout' gentlemen swat each other with axes.

"The most realistic and novel act that the variety stage ever saw was devised and performed for one night only in Eutte City, Mon., by my partner and myself. We were billed in those days as "The Two Shamrocks, Acrobatic Phenomenons and Emperors of Irish Comedy.' but we didn't deserve it. Our old specialty being pretty well played out, we had written a new one, which we carefully rehearsed for two weeks before its initial production in Butte City.

"The theatre was packed that night, and jealous husbands. Many a lesson is given as to how to outwit the most jealous of men The way they are watched and confined always made me think of the woman who

The magic lantern entertainments amuse these ignorant caged birds. Dancing girls, The magic lantern entertainments amuse these ignorant caged birds. Dancing girls, singing and playing the lute, playing with the babies and occasionally quarrelling with each other take up some of their time; a weekly tour of the bazaars, and once in a while a visit to the harem of some other Turk still leave much time on their hands that the rare calls of their husbands, the eating of sweetmeats or smoking of cigarettes cannot fill, and so they give their poor little minds to fancy work. They very seldom City.

The theatre was packed that night, and the 'Two Shamrocks' received a warm welcome when they entered, attired as the conventional Irish team. Of course, Billy, my partner, was very tall and thin, wore black whiskers and an old-fashioned high hat, while I was short, with long red hair and whiskers, and a coat of the loudest check. Our opening verse was a gem:

If e'e'r, in the world you have travelled short.

IN THE HAREM.

Behind the Veil

People in general have an idea that Turkwomen absolutely do nothing that is either useful or ornamental aside from the decoration of their own persons, but that is not altogether true, as my residence of over a year in their country taught me, for they are really dextrous with the needle and do work which is as fine as that done by the sisters in the convents, or that of the wives of/the feudal noblemen of olden times.

The favorite pastime of the Turkish women is the bath, which brings together

who has the faculty of relating stories, and she is eagerly listened to by the grown-up children; and the stories are generally of the "Arabian Nights" order, full of genii, beautiful ladies, and charming youths, and through these stories—a lesson they are neither slow to learn nor practice.

cautioned her innocent children not to put blue beans in their noses while she was out.

the two hands proceed that night, and the wist the work of the state o

ong, loose sleeves, and around the neck, and upset some water on the kindling wood; it was on a chair, and the wood was under it, and then because the wood was wet the fire wouldn't burn, and the wood was wood we ordered the day before hadn't come, and the neighbor in the next liat hadn't any letter, and then the storekeeper told her she needn't bring it, 'cause he would send it right around before she got back, and cause she didn't know him she believed him, and she nit was all wer from the fog and rain, 'cause he didn't cover it up, and when we tried to start the fire again it wouldn't burn any better than the first time, and then mammy the first time, and then mammy the first time, and then mammy the they were getting their breaklast and we could ouly use one hole at a time, and ouly use one hole at a time, and ould her mammy the had to wait until the kettle could be cleaned and some more cooked, and when that was done! hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't belate to school, and I had to wait until mamma that was done! hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't belate to school, and I had to wait until mamma that was done! hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't belate to school, and I had to wait until mamma that was done! hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't belate to school, and I had to wait until mamma that was done! hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't belate to school, and the mand wash her to get the received and which renders the edge indestructible. These garments and their then when mand which renders the edge indestructible. These garments and their then the other was and when the other chert it manufactured for each to fiimshearcording to her own taste. The surfact to her other want the school wash the elbow, so that these flow loose below hite undersleeves. They are delicately soft are and semi-transparent.

The furkish women wear no other under garments and the jacket sleeves only reach to her close of out-door wrans look. The first laws of the star these flow loose sleeves. They are delicatel Awl plezzures are lawful that don't end in making us feel sorry.

The man who kan be proud in the presence ov kings, humble when he communes with himself, sassy tu poverty, and polite tu truth iz one of the boys.

Natur duz awl her big and little jobs without making enny fuss: the earth goes around the sun, the moon changes, the eklipses quietly occur, and the pollywog, silently and taillessly, bekums a frog; but man kant even deliver a small-sixed 4th ov July orashun without knocking down a mountain or two, and tareing up three or four primeval forests by the bleeding rutes. Liberty 12 a just mixture ov freedum, restraint and protektion.

Advice 12 like kastor ile—eazy enuff to give, but dredful uneazy tew take.

A good conscience iz a foretaste ov heaven. Thare iz few, if enny, more suggestive sights tew a philosopher than tew lean aginst the side ov a wall and peruse a clean, phatt, and well disiplined baby, spread out on the floor, trieing tew smash a hammer awl tew pieces with a looking-glass,

Every man kan boast ov one admirer.

If yu would be sucksessful in coreckting the injuity ov the people, fire at their vices, not at the people. The trew way tew abuze a drunkard iz tew brake hiz jug.

Life iz a punktuated paragraff: disseazes are the commas, sickness the semicolons, and death the full stop.

No man iz ritch who wants enny more than what he haz got.

worst they ever do is to bull each other's hair occasionally or box each other's ears. I don't think the Turkish women are really lazy or indolent, but for many reasons they appear so. The husband considers his wite as an irresponsible being, prone to mischief (and he is rarely mistaken), and all he expects or requires of her is to look pretty, be cheerful and pleasant when he is near, and it would be a mark of disrespect for her to do anything in the way of work while he is present. So these women are early taught to be gracefully idle.

Girls reach their majority at 9 and are frequently married a year later, though not usually until 15. By that time all the education they get is acquired, Instead of being taught all the caressing words and gestures possible to imagine—how to walk, sit, look and speak so as to appear the most seductive in the eyes of the husband who gets her.

No Turkish wife of the better class is TRAINING DAY.

entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in the factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43.800,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth \$5043.17\frac{1}{2}\$. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or Congress gaiters, under penalty of discharge. Mott's Old Settler.

He Came Near to Being a Soldier Once, But He Escaped.

Now, He Enlightens Peleg on the Military, Whom the Ladies Love.

[Ed'Mottin New York Sun.] "Gran'pop, was you ever a soldier?" asked ittle Peleg of the old settler. "No, sonny," replied Peleg's grandfather, I never done no sogerin' ez I knows on, but

I kim nigh to bein' a soger wunst."
"Would you like to be a soger, sonny?" "You bet I would, gran'pop!" said Peleg.
And that's what I'm going to be, too. Wait ill you see me on a skittish horse, with gold tassels jingling on my shoulders, and a red sash tied around me, and a cocked hat with a feather in it longer than our old

"I'll have my picture took, with my horse earing up on his hind feet, and his nose up in the air, and me pointing my sword up toward the sky. Why do soldier horses always stand up on their hind feet, with their heads up so high, like we always see

lock and speak so as to appear the most seductive in the eyes of the husband who gets her.

No Turkish wife of the better class is ever expected to do any domestic labor whatever, nor to make any of the household linen, nor to make any garments for herself or member of the household, nor to sew any buttons on, nor, above all, to make her husband's shirts; therefore it can be seen at once that almost every source of domestic disagreement is done away with, and the Turkish husband never expects his wife to get on her knees and hunt for his collar button, nor scold her if the dinner is badly cooked; so that in many respects life in a harem is not so very bad after all and one-tenth of a good husband is better than the whole of a bad one.

But the women can decorate, embroider and sew pearls and turquoises all over anything they want to, and they do it as a labor of love with exquisite care and delicacy of taste and finish.

Their own garments are such an odd incongruity—bare feet and legs, or socks and slippers, pantaloons of common gaudy chintz, a shalvar or skirt of which the breadths are not sewn up, a great wad of a shawl tied about a waist guiltless of corsets, a acket covered with gold and pearl embroidery, jewels, necklaces of coral, pearl, diamonds and other precious jewels, mingled with strings of common beads, earrings, rings and bracelets four inches wide, the brilliant sorvotch above their foreheads stuck full of gay flowers and jewels, and over all the feridiee, with its shapeless folds, and the beauty-giving, refining and mysterious veil or yashmak, which makes of a Turkish woman at once the most ravishing and ridiculous creature in the world. Beautiful in the face as an angel, ugly ande awkward, seen from behind, as a hippopotamus. 'em in pictures, gran'pop?"
"That's so they kin sniff the battle from afar off all the quicker, sonny, an' give the men t'at's ridin' 'em a chance to go off in t'other direction 'fore it's too late," replied the Old Settler. "But yer wrong, Peleg, in thinkin' th't them fellers on hossback is sogers. "They hain't sogers.

"They'm giner'ls an' colonels an' majors. Sogers don't hef to ride hossback, a riskin' their lives by bein' throwd off or run away with. Sogers walks, an' don't hev nuthin to do but carry a 20-poun' gun with a nice shinin' bagonut stuck in it, an' with only a few blankets an' kittles an' tin cups Two of Them Were Bloodthirsty Little Boys, but Their Pas Came Up and the strapped to their backs to keep 'em bal anced good, so's they kin travel easier. "Them chaps on hossback has to slee

AN UNFINISHED FRAY.

[Puck.]

and death the full stop.

No man iz ritch who wants enny more than what he haz got.

Don't giv outward appearances awl the credit: the spirit ov a handsum boot iz the little fut that iz in it.

[New York Weekly.]

Winks -Not up in the classics, eh?

full of errors in orthography.

has to spell in Russian.

ou spake to me?

to hear you say that same.

I'm kilt entirely.

fellow-men.

heart.

literate man.

Blinks-The paper says the Czar is a very

Blinks-Worse. They say his letters are

Winks-But, my dear sir, just think. He

After the Accident.

[Terre Haute Express.]
Mrs. Moriarity—()h. Moike, Moike, can't

Mr. Moriarity-It's dead I am, darlint,

Mrs. Moriarity-And it's right glad I am

A Hint to the Uninitiated.

[Der Ulk.]
"I am not a business man, you see, and I

should be glad if you would enlighten me as to what is meant by double entry?"

Practically the Same.

[Terre Haute Express.]
Briggs—Sometimes I wish I could be a

hermit, and not have to associate with my

Braggs—You can get practically the same effect by eating onions.

His Heart was All Right. (Texas Siftings.)
Girl (weeping)—I'm sorry you have to go

on the road again. It almost breaks my

Especially.

[Terre Haute Express.]

No; She is a Great Success.

(Hutchinson News.)
Woman is no longer ar experiment.

to pick up another girl somewhere.

life to the mere pursuit of wealth. Wabble-Especially if he doesn't get it.

"By double entry we mean two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court, if required, but not the other."

Tommy Janders (reading)-Creeping noise-

Indians Still Live.

nights in hot tents, w'le the soger can march up an' down in front of em all night. lessly to the door of the wigwam the boy sittin' the fresh air an' seeing' the stars scout looked in. The four Indians were shine, an' hearin' the owls sing, an' inj'yin

willie Wabbles—I wish 'twasn't so far; ain't there any Indians any nearer than Montanner?

Tommy Janders—I'm glad o' one thing—there'il be plenty of snow on the ground when we get there; makes it a good deal easier to track 'em.

Eddy Adkins—I wonder how much those broad-brimmed hats cost; we'll each have to buy one of them, the first thing.

Tommy Janders—Mebby we can borrow three of 'em; we've only got a dolfar n'a quarter between us, you know, and willie ain't got a cent.

Willie Wabbles—Is it aiways as c-c-cold as this wh-when you're camping out?

Tom any Janders where Notch-Handie Nick always aimed. They jump right up, give a death-yell, and keel over

Willie Wabbles—Is look 's if it was going to be an awful d-d-dark night, don't it?

Tommy Janders—What's the matter with you, anyhow? Here we're giving you a chance to go out on the plains with us, an'be a reg'lar scout an' have adventures, an'you're commencing to back out already!

Eddy Adkins—Lots o' fellers'd be glad to be in his boots: we oughter left him home willie Wabbles—I w-wwish I ww-wash h-hs-o-o-ome now-w-w—woo-woo-boo-o-hoo-o-ling strangers)—Ya-as. I seen three boys settin' 'long side the fence back there, behind them boards. They looked like they was tryin' ter camp out; guess they must be the one you're lookin' for.

Wayfarer (down the road, to three inquiring strangers)—Ya-as. I seen three boys settin' 'long side the fence back there, behind them boards. They looked like they was tryin' ter camp out; guess they must be the one you're looking for.

Wayfarer (down the road, to three inquiring strangers)—Ya-as. I seen three boys settin' 'long side the fence back there, behind them boards. They looked like they was tryin' ter camp out; guess they must be for the spirit of bunker Hill that I riz up on the fence and hollered:

"Make way fer liberty an' my old pop!"

"Giner'l Hannibal Tidit was ridin campion, an' a leftenant-colonel, an' acor'n. The gir, an' the gir, in 'in gir, an' the min, an' is

no giner'l.'
"Giner'l Hannibal Tidfit was ridin' on hossback, with no sword but a corn cutter an' wearip' a coonskin cap. He didn't hey a brass button nowhar about him, an' my pop were list a walkin soler an rigged out like a giner'l. The colonel was a hossback, too, an'so was all on 'em clean down to the corp'l, who carried a pig brass hoss pistol an' wore a w'ite hat with a squir'l's tail in

an' a red woostid comi'ter tied around his waist.
"The arms o' the sojers, 'sides my pop's "The arms o' the sojers, 'sides my pop's gun an' sword, was an eel spear, carried by Lippy Conkright's pop, a brush hook shouldered by Joe Hossilp and a two-tined pitch fork wich Pete Sniffley handled. Pete's pop had been a secret lodge man o' some kind down in Jersey, an' mongst his belongin's Pete had found a wite apron with a lot o' plasterin' tools pictured on it, 'long with a big wide-open eye."

"That wide-open eye'll fit the Never Sleepin' Sentinels amazin." says Pete.

"An'so he tied the apron on hisself, an' nex' to my pop had the takin est uniform o' the hull comp'ny.

"It were a cheerin' sight to see the Never Sleeping Sentinels an' Powder Burnin' Sons o' Liberty make their fust start at trainin', Girbert' l'indit sing up his sword arm with

Sleeping Sentinels an' Fowder Burum' Sons o' Liberty make their fust start at trainin' Giner'l Iddit slung up his sword arm with the corn cutter in it, and hollered:
"For-re-e-e-d-motch!"
"The sogers started forrid, but the Giner's

the corn cutter in it, and nollered:

"For-re-e-d-motch!
The sogers started forrid, but the Giner'l hollered:

"Halt there, gol ding ye!"
The sogers halted, an' the Giner'l tol' 'em th' they wan't to start till the order got down to 'em reg'lar. Then he hollered:
For-re-e-e-d-motch! wunst more. The Colonel took it up, an' the Major took it up an' hollered it down to the Leftenant-Colonel. Liddle order were reg'lar enough by this time, an' begun to march, Giner'l Tidfit yelled to 'em to halt an' fall back or he'd hev 'em court-martialled fer goin' agin the rules o' war. Then he started the order all over ag'n, an' it went to the Colonel, an' on to the Major, and from him to the Leftenant-Colonel. an' from him to the Captain, who yelled it to the Fust Leftenant passed it to the Sargent. Then my dop an' Toby Grindle, the fifer, got it in their heads th't the time was to hand fer movin'. Toby struck up a tune, an' him an' pop begun to march.

"They was halted by the Giner'l. who said he had half a notion to borry my pop's gun an' shoot both him an' Toby with it fer mutiny in the camp. Then he started the order to forrid march ag'in. It got all down along the line to the Corp'l this time, an' then it were reg'lar fer the segers to march, but not a consarned soger moved.

"The rules o' war had got'em all mixed up. The next time the order kim down the line from the Gizer'l to the Corp'l things was straightened out, an' away the Never Sleepin' Sentinels went. The fife squeaked, they swung their corners they allymanded left an' they allymanded right. Bout all th't the Giner'l an' the rest of 'em on hossback had to do was to keep their hosses from gittin' in the way o' Joe Hosslip's brush hook, an' Lippy Conkright's pop's eel spear an' Pete Sniffley's bichiork, fer either one or t'other of 'em was allus a bringin' up the rear on the double quick, an' a slingin' their weepons around permiscus.

"Arter it we

tinels. but w'en it kim to the Powder Burnin' Sons' part o' the sogerin', he pertested.

"Wen the gun went off he give an all pervadin' snert, an sprung ten foot in the air. The giner'l quit the saddle in a hurry. He went up a piece an' then kim down in a curve head fust.

"He plunked squar' inter the head o' Simon Filkins' drum, an' went clean through it. He got up with the drum hangin' to him, an' his head shoved inter it clean to the shoulders. The drum wouldn't let go of him till my pop grabbed the giner'l by the heels an' Simon Filkins grabbed the drum. They both vanked, an' yanked, an' by an' by pulled the giner'l out. Toby Grindle had a happy idee jist then, an' struck up on the fife. 'See the conquerin' hero comes, 'list ez the giner'l come out o' the drum. But th' wa'n't no uset. The ginerl's idees o' the rules o' war was all upsot, an he riz up and hollered:

"Break ranks! Or I'll pitch in an' break ev'ry Powder Burnin' Son o' Liberty's head!"

"The ranks was broke to wunst. The Never Sleebin' Sentinels struck a bee line for the tavern, an' in less'n an hour Freedom were shriekin' ez if she'd bust her lungs!"

Drummer-Don't cry, Fanny, I'll manage The Cost of Tying Shoestrings. Wibble-What a sordid, unsatisfying

thing it is for a man to devote his whole the shoestrings of a working girl will come untied, on the average, three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 50 sec-

BRIC-A-BRAC.

First Person. (Philadelphia Press.) One thing alone asks he.
And that is not "Love I the maid,"

[Sanda Enos in Chicago Current.] Conquered at last, she in his arms stood twined. And in her eyes he read confession true That all her many victories combined Less sweet were to her than her Waterloo.

The heart's a dainty cabinet, alack, Pearls. [London World.]

A fair existence that may never be For you and me.

> He Doesn't Care Now. [Chatter.]

About a year or so ago,
When I was young and quite conceited,
I chanced to meet the prettiest girl,

For when I asked her heart and hand. She said she was already married.

Forgive. [Jennie Porter Arnold in Arkansaw Traveler.]

Save that my love for you so strong had grown, t passed the bounds of reason's wise concealing. Dear friend, by all our past of untold gladness, By every tender word and fond caresi by every tender word and road caress,
Which filled our lives with such sweet happiness
Forget, forgive that one brief hour of madness!
Then may you know the highest joy of living—
The God-like peace—the sweetness of forgiving!

[Ella Higginson in West Shore.] Reach out and touch them -- yet to shrink in fright And cry "Oh, God! I am alone-alone How many watchers through the weary night

"Oh, God! It is so hard to live alone Love's Logic. [Elizabeth Leigh in Drake's Magazine.] am a woman, and I love you, yet I'm not a thing of changling smiles and tears; Or pretty wiles, alternate hopes, and fears, To weep when you are harsh, and then forget

Your eyes command me when you voice makes That your's is not a nature free from flaws. I am a woman, but my love means not

ving you makes my poor half-life whole. Manon Lescaut. (Walter Learned.) To you whose temperate pulses flow, With measured beat, serene and slow, The even tenor of whose way Is undisturbed by passion's sway. The tale of wayward love may seem The record of a fevered dream. And yet we, too, have that within To make us what our kind have bee love more strong, a wish more faint, Makes one a monster, one a saint;

Becomes a virtue or a vice.
The brier that o'er the garden wall Trails its sweet blossoms till they fall Across the dusty road, and then Are trodden under foot of men, Is sister to the decorous rose Within the garden's well-kept close Whose pinloned branches may not roam Out and beyond their latticed home. There's many a life of sweet content

[M. S. Bridges in the Bostonian.] In the ballroom bright 'tis gay to whirl Or watch the circling pairs, But give me with some dear, nice girl,

For timid swains it hath a charm To oure the worst despairs; And shyest maids take no alarm At sitting on the stairs.

I much prefer the dance to see Why strive for station, wealth or pridet

A prince no better fares Than a happy lover close beside His sweetheart on the stairs. No throne of kings, nor four years' seat

The Way It Is Said. [Hebrew Journal.] The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream, An omen of terrible import and doubt, His wise men assembled at break of day,

And all stood silent, in fear and dread. At length a soothsayer, wrinkled and gray, "'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high. Thou shalt see all thy kindred die." Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth.

But one of them, stepping before the throne, "Exult, O, head of a happy State! "For this is the favor thou shalt win,

Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave One of the managers of a big Eastern But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks, knitting mill has made a calculation that And each one whispers what each one thinks:

But "Does the maid love me?" Defeat.

From Three Standpoints. [Washington Post.] The heart's a sanctuary where reposes An image which the lover ne'er discloses.

For odds and ends of cupid's bric-s-brac. The heart's an engine with methodic thud-A very useful thing for pumping blood. For you and me the future lies asleep, Beyond a dream-like mist of joy and wee; A hidden harvest we may never reap, A silent story we may never know.

The present mocks us with a hope that dies, With joy untasted, happiness unknown; In our dear past so sweet, so slender, lies
A little loveland that is all our own.
And only there, dear heart, can love be free
For you and me.

I thought, my eyes had ever greeted. I loved her, or I thought I did, Yet found my true love had miscarried;

This was a year or so ago, When I was young and sentimental, My heart was nearly broken then; Now I don't care a continental.

Life is too short, dear friend, for unkind feeling, Too short for harsh reproach or bitter tone, We two should speak but gentle words alone; For if I wronged you, dear, here let me kneeling Low at your aide—in penitence appealing— Seek pardon for a fault I had not known

Alone. It is a bitter thing to be alone-To be alone forever, day and night, With eyes that have not slept to watch the light Of dawn steal in; to hear the lonely moan Of waves you love, and dread their monotone; To feel that loved ones are so near you might

Feel dragging moments throb themselves away! How many sleepless eyes watch for the light That ushers in another awful day! How many hearts and trembling, pale lips mean

And laugh my grief away when your brow's tampest clears. I am a woman, and I love you, though Tis not because you seek me, nor because

Submission to some other mind's control surrender of my body and my soul. The love I give to you I'd give unsought

And even love, by difference nice,

Whose virtue is environment.
They erred, they fell; and yet 'tis true
They held the mirror up to you.

'Tis such a democratic place, No room for queenly airs; Proud belles stoop down to lowliest grace When resting on the stairs.

The music may enchanting be,

In presidential chairs Could yield to me such rapture sweet As sitting on the stairs

And when the terrible dream was told.

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains, The wise men shook as the sultan's eye

"Well can the Sultan reward and blame; onds every time she stoops to retie them.

Most of the employes have two feet, so this "So much may depend on the way a time" said!"



Japanese chickens with tails from 11 to 3 feet long are being imported into this The new parasol has a hollow handle hich serves as a receptacle for hairpins, a owder rag, vinaigrette, pencil and what-

The ancient Greeks used olive leaves for ballots, and the Australian voting system is a revival of the practice in Rome 2000 years The largest sugar beet farm in the world the Moro Cojo ranch, near Castorville, al., where 1500 acres are devoted to their

A clergyman named Fiddle refused to accept the title of D. D. because, as he said, he "dida"t want to be called Rev. lchabod Fiddle, D. D."

Modern Rome is said to be the city best supplied with water in the world, but ancient Rome had a supply of nearly seven times the quantity. times the quantity.

Patti has a small, pretty foot, and she wears a No. 3 shoe. Her shoes are made of satin to match her gowns and are unadorned by bow or buckle.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dimnet in Texas. It contains upwards of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

Patti refused to sing into a phonograph at San Francisco, but one of Edison's agents concealed a cylinder on the stage and caught the impression of her \$1000 notes. The steam ferryboat, Robert Garrett, plying between Brooklyn and New York city, carries 5000 passengers at a trip and is said to be the largest steam ferryboat in exist-

On a tomb in a Blairville, Penn. ceme-ery may be read this curious epitabh: "A. 3— was a good son. a loving husband, a ond father, an able lawyer, but an honest nan."

The Circuit Court in Mercer county has decided that there is no such game as "cards;" that cards are simply "pieces of pasteboard with which various games are played."

pasteboard with which various games are played."

Queen Elizabeth's prayer book is shown in the Tudor exhibition in London. It is bound in enamelled gold, and printed by A. Barker in 1574, and is one of the chief wonders of the Tudors shown.

A Vienna baker is advertising his business by putting a gold ducat in one loaf out of every 1000 that he bakes. The people in the poor suburb where his shop is situated fairly fight to buy the loaves.

A remarkable feature of the large coal mine at St. Andre du Poirise, France, which is over 3000 feet in depth, is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which is seldem mere than 75° Fahrenheit.

A Mt. Clemens, Mich., manlost his pocketbook containing \$140 on Tuesday. Everybody saw the purse on the sidewalk, but supposed it was an April fool joke, and the loser got around in time to recover it.

The heaviest gun in the world has just been finished by Krupp for the Russian government. It weighs 135 tons, 140 feet long and is 6½ feet in diameter in the widest part. It will have a range of 11 miles.

At a recent ball in London the electric light was arranged to vary in color, being alternately red, blue, green and yellow. The ladies didn't like it, as it ruined in alternation the effect of all their costumes. The largest sawmili in the world is located at Clinton. Ia. It cost \$260,000 and is capable of sawing 450,000 feet of lumber in eight hours. It has seven band and three gang saws and two batteries of 10 boilers sach

The pet names of the four baby States are as follows: North Dakota is the "Flickertail State," South Dakota is the "Swinge Cat State," Washington is the "Chinook State," and Montana is the "Stubbed-Foe State," The largest tree in the world, according to statistics lately published by the Italian government, is a monster chestnut standing at the foot of Mt. Atna. The circumference of the main trunk at 60 feet from the ground

The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner something like \$700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a world will be some the stable of the stable cost little short of a world will see the stable cost little short of a wore

A new industry has been started in Sweden in the manufacture of paper and pasteboard from moss. The pasteboard is as hard as wood; it can be painted and polished and used for door and window frames and all kinds of furniture.

kinds of furniture.

The other day a Minnesota clergyman travelled 30 miles, made six calls, visited two schools, gave an afternoon lecture and shot seven jack rabbits, all between sunrise and sunset, and he said it wasn't a good day for pastoral work either.

The telegraphic postal card is a great convenience in Paris. Open cards of this kind are delivered anywhere in Paris within an hour after they are mailed, for six cents; closed ones, giving as much room as an

A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal Palace for \$500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single pair of fowls since the days of extravagant and luxurious Rome.

Early in the winter a Saco, Penn., young man was strolling through a Florida orange grove and cut his initials in the peeling of a growing orange. He is now in Saco, and last Saturday night he found that identical orange in a dozen he bought of a local dealer.

The largest and heaviest locomotive ever constructed was made by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company last year. It weighed, with its tender, 225,000 bounds. The ordinary weight is from 47,000 to 165,000 pounds.

The construction of the pillars and foundations of the great Forth bridge consumed 21,000 tons of cement and 707,000 cubic feet of granite. The total amount of resulting masonry is 117,000 cubic yards. The weight of the steel in the bridge proper is

The picture of Romney, which was sent to a recent London exhibition by an old maid who feared she was presumptuous in asking that it be insured for \$2500, "because it was an heirloom and much esteemed in the family," has just been sold, it is said, for \$40,000.

In overhauling the Czar's civil list with a view te convoynt recently conditions.

In overhauling the Czar's civil list with a view to economy, recently, one of the items discovered was the payment of \$750 per year for "lip salve." which has been made to one family ever since the time of the Empress Catharine, who is supposed once to have had chapped lips.

A Knoxville barber shaved a man recently who resides in the Smeky Mountains, and

A Knoxville barber shaved a man recently who resides in the Smoky Mountains, and whose beard has been growing since the battle of Chickamauga. The man, whose name is Harmer, was in the Confederate army, and shaved the day before the battle, and had not shaved since.

A Lincolnville man. James A. Snow, who despised "the weed," lately died, and in his will he provided for the education of his two grandchildren. James W. and Fred Allen Snow, on condition that they abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors and also from the use of tobacco.

The Prince of Wales is one of nine men who are compelled on certain occasions

men who are compelled on certain occasions to wear the uniform of the admiral of the deet. Five of these are over 70, three over 80, and one is about to enter on his 100th year, so that they manage to escape the duty more than the prince does.

year, so that they manage to escape the duty more than the prince does.

There are today royal and imperial orders in the world. With a prodigious assortment of collars, crosses, stars and other fancy insignia, laid up for the tickling of human ambition. The oldest is St. Andrew's order, first instituted in England in 787, disused afterward and re-established in 1540.

The Swiss watchmakers have invented a watch for the blind. A small beg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving toward a given hour the peg for that hour drops. The owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then counts back to 12.

The finest collection of pipes in the world is to be found in the English residence of Capt. Bragge. He has clay pipes from the 16th century, when Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the weed in Europe, and curious and antique specimens of smoking paraphenalia from every country in the world. The roof of the Philadelphia mint was recently painted at a profit. Mechanics proposed to paint if for \$800, but the superintendent authorized the work to be done by the employes. They scraped the roof, and from the scrapings recovered \$1450 in gold and silver. The painting itself cost only \$150.

The Manhattan (Kan.) Republic exposes a

hour after they are mailed, for six cents: closed ones, giving as much room as an ordinary letter, for 10 cents.

The deoth of a sea about six miles deep is reduced 620 feet by compression. If the ocean were incompressible the level of the surface would be 116 feet higher than it is at present, and about 2,000,000 square miles of land would be submerged.

A pair of bartan phickens were sold at a present of the surface would be submerged. of our bright young New Yorkers was in the City of Mexico, and a Mexican friend invited him to one of the balls in that city. While he was quietly sitting in one corner of the room a vivacious damsel danced forward to him and smashed the cascaron in the way described. It was filled with bits of gilt paper, and they fell in a shower over his shoulders. He jumped to his feet and rushing to his friend declared that an egg had been broken over his head. Matters were readily and laughingly explained to him, and in five minutes he was waitzing with the damsel and muttering inward maledictions because he could not talk Spanish.

SLEEPING IN THE WOODS.

Beautiful Pen Picture of a Night by "Adirondack" Murray. [Murray's "Lake Champlain and Its Shores.

water, whose motions caress rather than chafe the shore. Stretched your full length on such a couch, spread in such a place, the process of falling asleep becomes an experience. You lie and watch yourself to observe the gradual departure

an experience. You lie and watch your self to observe the gradual departure of your senses. Little by little you feel yourself passing away. Slowly and easily as an ebbing tide you begin to pass into the dim and insensible realm beyond the line of feeling. At last a moment comes in which you know you are passing over the very verge of consciousness. You are aware you are about to fall asleep. Your cheek but partially interprets the cool pressure of the night wind; your ears drowsily surrender the lingering nurmur of beach and pine; your nose slightly senses the odor of the piney air, as you mechanically draw it in; the chest falls as it passes as mechanically out, and then—you are asleep.

The hours pass, and still you sleep on. The body, in obedience to some occult law of force within the insensible frame, still keers up its respirations; but you are somewhere—sleeping. At last the pine above you, in the deer hush which precedes the coming of dawn, stills its monotone, and silence weaves its airy web amid the motionless stems. The water falls asleep. The loon's head is under its spotted wing, and the owl becomes mute. The deer has left the shore, and lies curved in its mossy ped. The rats no longer draw their tiny wake across the creek, and the frogs have ceased their croaking. All is quiet. In the profound quiet, and unconscious of it all, the sleeper sleeps. What sleep such sleeping is! and what a ministry is being ministered unto mind and body through the cool, pure air, pungent with gummy odors and strong with the smell of the sod and the root lace mold of the underlying earth!

New Boston Music. From White, Smith Publishing Company:

to B most collection of the world to be most to B most t

go, and as she did so his heart relented; he grew ashaned.

"Miss Granger, don't go; forgive me. I do not know what has become of my manners. I spoke as I should not. The fact is. I was put out at your not coming. To telithe honest truth, I missed you dreadfully."

"You missed me. That is very nice of you; one likes to be missed. But if you missed me for one afternoon, how will you get on a week hence when you go away and miss me altogether?"

Beatrice spoke in a bantering tone and miss me altogether?"
Beatrice spoke in a bantering tone and laughed as she spoke, but the laugh ended in something like a sigh. He looked at her for a moment, looked till she dropped her

Murray's "Lake Champian and its shores.]
Imagine your bedchamber of odorous bark, and your bed of pungent boughs.
Your couch made under murmuring trees and within a few yards of the lazily moving

CHAPTER XV

ONLY GOOD-NIGHT. Five more days passed, all too quickly, and once more Monday came round. It was the 22d of October, and the Michaelmas Sittings began on the 24th. On the morow. Tuesday, Geoffrey was to return to London, there to meet Lady Honora and ing, indeed, a brief, the biggest he had yet eccived-it was marked 30 guineashad been forwarded to him from his chambers, with a note from his clerk to the chambers, with a note from his clerk to the effect that the case was expected to be in the special jury list on the first day of the sittings and that the clerk had made an appointment for him with the solicitors for 5.15 on the Tuesday. The brief was sent to him by his uncle's firm, and marked, "With you the attorney-general and Mr. Candleton. Q. C.." the well-known leader of the Probate and Divorce Court bar. Never before had Geoffrey found himself in such honorable company, that is on the back of a brief, and not a little was he elated thereby.

a brief, and not a little was he elated thereby.

But when he came to look into the case his joy abated somewhat, for it was one of the most perplexing that he had ever known. The will coatested, which was that of a Yorkshire money lender, disposed of property to the value of over \$80,000, and was propounded by a niece of the testator who, when he died, if not actually weak in his maind, was in his dotage, and superstitious to the verge of insanity. The niece to whom all the property was left—to the exclusion of the son and daughter of the deceased, both married and living away from home—stayed with the testator and looked after him. Shortly before his death, however, he and this niece had violently quarrelled on account of an intimacy which the latter had formed with a married man of bad repute, who was a discharged lawyer's

the truth of his story. Thus it was that Beatrice's quick wit laid the foundations of Geoffrey's great success.

This particular Monday was a field day at the vicarage. Jones had proved obdurate; no power on earth could induce him to pay the £34 11s. 4d. due on account of tithe. Therefore Mr. Granger, forthfied by a judgment duly obtained, had announced his intention of distraining upon Jones' hay and cattle. Jones had replied with insolent defiance. If any balliff, or auctioneer, or such people came to sell his hay he would kill him, or them.

So said Jones, and summoned his supporters, many of whom owed tithe, and none of whom wished to pay it, to do battle in his cause. For his part, Mr. Granger retained an auctioneer of undoubted courage, who was to arrive on this very afternoon supported by six policemen and carry out the sale. Beatrice felt nervous about the whole thing, but Elizabeth was very determined. He was a tall, able-bodied man, not unlike Geoffrey in appearance. The sale was to take place at 2.30, and Mr. Johnson—that was the auctioneer's name—went to the inn to get his dinner before proceeding to business. He was informed of the hostile demonstration which awaited him, and that an English member of Parliament had been sent down especially to head the mob; but being a man of mettle he poohpoohed the whole affair.

"All bark, sir," he said to Geoffrey, "all bark and no bite; I'm not afraid of these people. Why, if they won't bid for the stuff, I will buy it myself."

"All right," said Geoffrey, "but I advise you to look out. I fancy that the old man is a rough customer."

Then Geoffrey went back to his dinner.

well, it was her misfortune; it could not affect the solemn truth. What should she do, how should she endure her life when her eyes no longer saw his eyes, and her ears never heard his voice? She saw the future stretch itself before her as in a vision. She saw herself forgotten by this man whem she loved, or from time to time remembered only with a faint regret. She saw herself growing slowly old, her beauty fading yearly from her face and form, companioned only by the love that grows not old. Oh, it was bitter, bitter! and yet she would not have it otherwise. Even in her pain she felt it better to have found this deep and ruinous joy, to have wrestled with the angel and been worsted, than never to have looked upon his face. If she could only know that what she gave was given back again, that he loved her as she loved him, she would be content. She was innocent, she had used no touch or look, no woman's arts or lures such as her beauty placed at her command. There had been no word snoken, exercely a meaning glance had passed between them, nothing but frank and free companionship as of man and man. She knew he did not love his wife and that his wife did not love his wife and that his wife did not love his wife and that his wife did not love his min from her, and though she sinned in thought, though her heart was guilty—oh, her hands were clean!

Her restlessness overcame her. She could no longer lie in bed. Elizabeth, watching through her veil of sleep, saw Beatrice rise, put on a wrapper, and going to the window, throw it wide. At first she thought or in-

"All right." said Geoffrey, "but I advise you to look out. I fancy that the old man is a rough customer."

Then Geoffrey went back to his dinner. As they sat at the meal, through a gap in the fir tree they saw that the great majority of the population of Bryngelly was streaming up towards the scene of the sale, some to agitate, and some to see the fun.

"It is pretty well time to be off," said Geoffrey. "Are you coming, Mr. Granger?"

"Well," answered the old gentleman. "I wished to do so, but Elizabeth thinks that I had better keep away. And after all, you know," he added airily, "berhaos it is as well for a clergyman not to mix himself up too much in these temporal matters. No. I want to go and see about some pigs at the other end of the parish, and I think that I shall take this opportunity."

"You are not going, Mr. Bingham, are you?" asked Beatrice, in a voice which betrayed her anxiety.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "of course I am I would not miss the chance for worlds. Why, Beecham Bones is going to be there, it he member of Parliament who has just done his four months for inciting to outrage. We are old friends; I was at school with him. Poor fellow! he was mad even in those days, and I want to chaff him."

"I think that you had far better not go, Mr. Bingham." said Beatrice; "they are a very rough set."

"Everybody is not so cowardly as you are," out in Elizabeth. "I am going at any rate."

"That's right, Miss Elizabeth," said no longer lie in bed. Elizabeth watching through her veil of sleep, saw Beatrice rise, put on a wrapper, and,going to the window, throw it wide. At first she thought of merfering, for Elizabeth was a prudent person and did not like draughts; but her sister's movements excited her curiosity and she refrained. Beatrice sat down on the foot of her bed, and, leaning her arm on the window-sill, looked out upon the lovely, quiet night. How dark the pine trees massed against the sky; how soft was the whisper of the sea and how vast the heaven through which the stars sailed on.

What was it, then, this love of hers? Was it merely earthly passion? No, it was more. It was something grander, purer, deeper and quite undying. Whence came this deep desire which was not of the earth? Had she been wrong, had she a soul—something that could love with the body, and through the body and beyond the body—something of which the body with its yearnings was but the envelope, the hand or instrument.

Oh, now it seemed to Beatrice that this was so, and that called into being by her

through the body and beyond the body
—something of which the body with its yearnings was but the envelope, the hand or instrument.

Oh, now it seemed to Beatrice that this was so, and that called into being by her love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and heasoul stood face to face, actoric love, she and the sould nove scapes and healt that was phantasy; that such spirit its immortal, and that we shall find it in the heavens. Now she believed this no more. Love had kissed her on the eyes, and at his kiss her sleeping spirit was awakened, and she saw a vision of the truth.

Yes, she loved him, and must always love him! But she could never know one earth that he was hers, and if she had a spirit to be freed after some few years would not his spirit have forgotten hers in that far here after of their meeting?

She dropped her brow upon her arm and softly sobbed. What was there left for her to do except to sob—till her heart broke?

Elizabeth, lying with wide-open ears, heard the sobs. Elizabeth, peering through the moonlight, saw her sister's form tremble in the convulsion of her sorrow and smiled a smile of malice.

The thing is done," she thought: "she cries because the man is going. Don't cry, beatric, den't cry! We will getyour plaything back for you. Oh, with such a bait it will be easy. He is as sweet on you as you on him."

There was something evil, something almost devilish, in the scene of the one in the storm can be true the air indoors and that on the cult. The twent him had to her the air indoors and that on the cult. When a bigger ouff comes the bed, when the puff becomes it hat on the troubled with it. "The result." The explains, "of a difference between the air indoors and that on the outside. When a bigger ouff comes the bed. When

are." but in Elizabeth. "I am going at any rate."

That's right, Miss Elizabeth," said Geourey. "We will protect each other from the revolutionary fury of the mob. Come, it is time to start."

And so they went, leaving Beatrice a prey to melancholy forebodings.

She waited in the house for the best part of an hour, making pretence to play with Effie. Then her anxiety got the better of her. She put on her hat and started, leaving Effie in charge of the servant, Betty.

Beatrice walked quickly along the cliff till she came in sight of lones' farm. From where she stood she could make out a great crowd of men, and even, when the wind

A PRIZE OFFICE TO CAN WHILE SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 18-80.

The second can all years are consistent of the second c

what he had preached to the same congre-gation on the previous Sunday. He did not feel equal to an ex tempore oration, and, firmly convinced that honesty is the best policy he faced the stern facts of the situa-tion heldly. Without circumlocution he told his expectant hearers exactly what was his difficulty, and then left them to recover from the effects of their surprise. A mo-ment later a surpliced figure might have been seen hurrying to the vicarage close by, and before many minutes had elapsed the parson, breathless but triumphant, again and before many minutes had elapsed the parson, breathless but triumphant, again ascended the pulpit to enforce the moral and spiritual lessons embodied in the homily he had accidentally left at home.

Great Storms in Other Lands. [Philadelphia Ledger.] Whatever the character of the great Westrn storm may have been, whether cyclone, ornado or tempest-and meteorologists iraw distinctions between these forms of windstorms—it seems to have been more destructive of life and property than any heretofore reported in this country. But there have been much greater storms in other lands. In 1780 what is known as the "great hurricane" started from Barbadoes and visited several of the West India islands. It engulfed an English electanchored before St. Lucie, and ravaged that island, where 6000 people were buried beneath the ruins. It sank 40 ships of a French transport fleet containing 4000 soldiers. It devastated St. Domingo. St. Vincent, St. Eustache and Porto Rico destroying most of the vessels in its track. More than 12,000 people are said to have perished on these islands, and the destruction of property was enormous. See Such destructive storms are of very rare occurrence. In this country storms of great violence are uncommon, and it is seldom other lands. In 1780 what is known as the

storms will open the windows of their houses on what sailors term the "leeward side," that is to say, on the side opposite to that whence the storm comes, they will not man, remembering the beans, put the tig-

thing back for you. Oh, with such a bait it will be easy. He is as sweet on you as you on him."

There was something evil, something almost devilish, in the scene of the one watching woman holding a clue to and enjoying the secret tortures of the other, plotting the while to turn them to her innocent rival's destruction and her own advantage. Elizabeth's jealousy was, indeed, bitter as the grave.

Suddenly Beatrice ceased sobbing. She lifted her head, and by a sudden impulse threw out the passion of her heart with all her concentrated strength of mind towards the man she loved, murmuring as she did so some passionate, despairing words which

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

# A PRIZE OFFER TO YOU

If You Can Write a Story.

## PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls and the Ladies of America who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelli-THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE Offers FOUR PRIZES

IN GOLD for the Best Four Stories written by either Boys or Girls under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE GLOBE before May 1, 1890. The First Prize is a \$20 Gold Piece, the Second a \$10 Gold Piece, the Third a \$5 Gold Piece, and the Fourth a \$1 Gold Piece.

These stories should be as short as you can make them, from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts

The Prizes will be awarded about June 1st, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to examine the stories and to decide upon the best ones.

### Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The Boston Weekly Globe,

Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only \$1 a year, or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who have been subscribers of THE WEEKLY

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE aftey they are received, and all with any merit will be printed in THE GLOBE during the year. This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the Largest Circulation of any paper in New England, and occupies the Finest Newspaper Building in this section of the country, Nos. 236 to 244 Washington street,

### PRIZES FOR LADIES.

To develop the latent talent among the ladies of America who are over 18 years of age, whether married or unmarried, THE WEEKLY GLOBE also offers FOUR PRIZES, \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$1 in Gold for the Best Four Stories that are sent in by May 1st, the Prizes to be awarded June 1st. Any lady who competes must only be a member of a family that takes The Weekly Globe. THE WEEKLY GLOBE is a Large Eight-Page Family Newspaper, established in 1872, and the subscription price is

only 50 cents for six months.

These stories, which should contain not less than 1500 nor more than 3000 words, also will be considered the property of THE GLOBE, and will be printed in the

### SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

In writing a story use only one side of your sheets of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story course he had brought with him was not Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236-244 Washington street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

if we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case, and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corresive a nature that it will cut out dishtheretic mucous, and, if you take the fruit before it is ripe, and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membranes of his throat sogs. Among those who have tried the cure on my recommendation I may mention Francis J. Kennett, the board of trade man, whose children were all down with diphtheria, and were cured by this remedy."

AT THE CLUB.

Clara blushed sweet,

A color so ruddy.

She lowered her eves

She lowered her eyes

In seeming distress.

But I try to surmise Why she still held her dress;

Josh Billings Philosophy. [New York Weekly.]
I don't beleave in bad luck being set for a

man like a trap; but i hav known lots of folks who, if there was enny fust-rate bad luck lieing around loose, would be sure tow

had been urged sufficiently.

There iz a kind ovacktive lazyness which

A color so ruddy; When we chanced to meet

Clara blushed sweet. 'Twas crossing the street,
The crossing was muddy,
Clara blushed sweet,

Was Simply Astonishing.

[Fayetteville Dispatch.]
A good story is told of a certain locality in Cennessee where no newspapers are taken and the people "hears all they wants to A former citizen of this locality, living in Texas, wrote to some of his friends at his old home, and, among other items of news, stated that the immigrants were coming in so fast that they were eating all the corn up. The person to whom this epistle was addressed did not comprehend the meaning of the term "immigrants," and inquired of all those he met if they knew what it was, but none could give him the desired information. It was finally determined to send it to a certain squire in the neighborhood who presumed to know everything. The letter was read to him and he was asked: "What are immigrants?"

The squire looked wise, crossed his legs, scratched his head and replied:

"It's a little animal between a 'possuma and a coon."

Beans and Dollar Bills.

[Canners and Grocers' Gazette.]
Several customers were in the shop chating together, when the grocer pointed to a lot of pea beans, and asked how many of them it would take to make a bushel. A great variety of estimates were offered. one reckless person said 50,000, to the great amusement of the rest of the company, all of whom had guessed a much smaller num-

or whom had guessed a much smaller humber.

"Well, gentlemen," said the storekeeper,
"there are 119,000 such beans in a bushel."

No one was inclined to believe him at
first, but he showed them that it took 60 to
weigh half an ounce, and a little calculation
convinced them that his large figures must
be approximutely correct.

"Now, then," said the grocer, "how many
dollar bills will it take to weigh as much as
a silver dollar?" git one foot in itenny how.

The man who wrote, "I would not liv always, I ask not tew sta," probably never works on its viktims just az the wicked flea works on its viktims just az the wicked flea duz on the feelings ov an old dogg—he hopps up quick. but drops down agin sudden in the same spot.

The man who controls hiz pashuns sits at the helm ov hiz snip.

It iz very diffikult tew kalkulate upon suckcess, unless a man sets up for a phool. In this department i hav known hundreds to suckceed, contrary tew their expectashuns.

I don't want enny better evidence that a man iz a phool than tew see him kultivate excentricitys. man, remembering the beans, put the tiges at 300.
'All wrong," replied the grocer. "It takes st 22," and that also he proved by the scales.

Cleanliness at West Point. [Washington Post.]

By the way, cleanliness is generally ranked next to godliness; but at the Military Academy the two are considered of equal importance, the cadets being required to register for one bath a week, and also to attend divine service once during that period. It seems immaterial to the authorities whether the cadet bathes or not, the only requisite being that he shall register for a cadet bathes or not, the only requisite being that he shall register for a cadet bathes or not, the only requisite being that he shall register for a cade bathes or not, the only requisite being that he shall register for a cade to be a cade whether the cadet bathes or not, the only requisite being that he shall register for a bath at least once a week in a book kept for that purpose. From these remarks, the term a "lead pencil bath" will be readily understood.

Cadets as a class are cleanly, but it sometimes happens that some young fellow in his hurry forgets to register a stroke of the pencil opposite his name in the bath book.

Woe to him. On Friday night when the delinquencies are read out his name will be loudly read before all the school:
Smith, J. B.—Not registering for a bath for week ending April 6.

And his companions facetiously class him in the ranks of "the great unwashed."

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the juice of

"So, Uncle Jack, you don't much believe in the idea that men are called to preach.' gers ter preach, but it sorter 'pears ter me ness calls er dozen. Nine nigger preachers outen ten is de lazies pussons in de wor!"." "How do you know, Uncle Jack?" "'Caze I's er preacher mers'f, sah."

and playing checkures 4 hours, out ovevery 24.

Mankind loves mistery; a hole in the ground excites more wonder than a star in the heavens.

Experience iz a good schoolmaster, but reazon iz a better one.

A pedant iz a lernt phool. Pedantry iz a little knowledge on parade; pedantry iz hypocrasy, without enny malice in it.

Why He Knew. [Arkansaw Traveler.]

He is Still Hoping. [Harper's Bazar.]
Miss Hevyrox—No, John, I cannot listen to your love. Farewell forever!

John -Might I ask one question?

"Is this a simon-pure farewell, or one of

### Life and Labers of the Great Orator

and Statesman.

Respected Alike by Both Political Parties.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13.-Samuel





cratic leader in the time of Jefferson. After receiving an academic education, young Randall entered into mercantile life, but he showed an early taste for politics, and when quite young was elected a member of the City Council of Philadelphia. He served four years in this capacity, and was afterward elected to a term in the State Senate. Mr. Randall was a member of the "First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry," a volunteer military company organized in 1774. It was then known as the "Light Horse of Philadelphia," and acted as body-guard to Gen. Washington, crossing the Delaware with him and participating in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

Immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter the troop tendered its services to the government and was mustered into service May 13, 1861, for the term of 90 days, It was attached to the 2d United States Cavalry, commanded by Col. (afterward Gen.) George H. Thomas, and attached to the command of Gen. Robert Patterson, who savs of it: "It was with me in the valley of the Shenandoah in the summer of 1861. It was in the advance at the battle of Falling Waters, when, for the first and only time, that

mer of 1861. It was in the advance at the battle of Falling Waters, when, for the first and only time, that gallant soldier, Stonewall Jackson, was defeated and driven back."

Sergt, S. J. Randall acted as quartermaster of the company, and was afterward promoted to the rank of cornet—a rank corresponding to that of captain in the regular army. On the first intunation of the adarmy. On the first intimation of the advance of the Confederate army north of the Potomac, in June, 1863, Cornet Randall, with his command, made an important

Potomac, in June, 1863. Cornet Randall, with his command, made an important reconnoisance, capturing several of the enemy and establishing their presence in large force between Chambersburg and Williamsport. Retiring from Gettysburg as the Confederate army entered, the troop had a skirmish, with an advancing force under Gen. J. B. Gordon, near susquehanna.

Juring the battle of Gettysburg Mr. Randall was provost marshal of Columbia. Being released from duty after the retreat of the invading army, letters were received by "Cornet S. J. Randall, commanding 1st City Troop." from the governor of the State and the War Department thanking the company for its efficient services.

At the convening of the 38th Congress, Dec. 4, 1863. Mr. Randall took his seat in the House of Representatives. He has been elected to every succeeding Congress since. In the 38th Congress he served on the committee on public grounds and buildings: in the 39th, on the committees on banking and currency, retrenchment and the assassination of President Lincoln.

Elected as a Democrat, he has constantly

Elected as a Democrat, he has constantly acted with his party. Without occupying the attention of the House with long speeches, he has indicated his interest in pending legislation by frequently participating briefly and pointedly in its discussions. In the 41st Congress he was a member of the committee on privileges and elections, on expenditures in the Treasury Department and of the joint committee on retrenchment.

ment and of the joint committee on retrenchment.

In the 42d and 43d Congresses he served on the committees on banking and commerce, bost office and post roads, and on rules, and was one of the most influential members of the misority. His triumphant leadership in the two days and all night's contest to prevent the force bill from going to the Senate in time for action on it brought him first into great prominence. When the Democrats came into gover at the opening of the 44th Congress in December, 1875, Mr. Randall was made chairman of the committee of appropriatiom. He devoted nimself to the work of retrenchment, and succeeded in cutting down the appropriation many millions. In giving a summary of

What He Had Accomplished

What He Bad Accomplished

in the way of retrenching, Aug. 14. 1876, he closed with the words: "I believe the real, natural. safe and permanent way to resumption of specie pay ments is in the reduction of the expenditures of the government to what is needed by an economical

ment to what is needed by an economical administration. Human foresight in my judgment cannot fix the exact hour or day when it shall take place."

On Dec. 4, 1875. Mr. Randall was elected to fill the vacancy in the office of speaker occasioned by the death of Michael C. Kerr. On taking the chair he said: "We stand in the presence of events which strain and test to the last degree our form of government. Our liberties, consecrated by so many sacrifices in the past, and preserved and the rejoicings of an exultant people at our centennial anniversary as one among amid the rejoicings of an exultant people at our centennial anniversary as one among the nations of the earth, must be maintained at all hazards. The people look confidently to your moderation to your wisdom, in this time, fraught with so much peril. Let us not, I beseech you, disappoint their just expectations and their keen sense of right, but by increasing vigilance let us prevent even the slightest departure from the Constitution and the laws, forgetting in the moment of difficulty that we are the adherents of party, and only remembering that we are American citizens, with a country to save."

country to save."

It was greatly owing to his brave and determined spirit in maintaining such sentiments that the turbulent factions in the House were held in check and the results of the electoral commission quietly acquisesced in. As he expressed it in his valed ctory at the close of this Congress: "The Democratic party yielded temporary possession of the administration rather than entail upon the people civil war with all its attendant horrors."

At the called session of the 45th Congress, Cet 1.1877, he was re-elected speaker. At

his popularity equalled that of his successor.
Mr. Carlisle. He was noted for his selfpossession, equanimity of temper and his
profound courtesy, which made all his
rulings satisfactory, even though they may
not have at times suited his opponents. No
man was ever known to express indignation
at any of his judgments. Whatever his
rivals may have said about him, he was
ever a Democrat, and had the courage of
his convictions which made him firm to his
attitude on the tariff issue, when his party
stood fast to the other side.
As a member on the floor of the House,
Mr. Randall proved himself to be a Democrat, according to the old-fashioned definition of that term. He was the sleepless
sentinel on the watch-tower of the people's
rights and liberties, guarding with jealous
eye every avenue through which the public
funds might escape. He always advocated

The Lowest Poss be taxation consistent with an economical ad-ministration of the government in all its

departments, to the end that the burden of taxes might rest as lightly as possible upon

Up to 1883 Mr. Randall was the acknowledged leader of his party, but his defeat by Mr. Carlisle indicated the change in policy shortly to be organized within the Democratic ranks. Mr. Randall acknowledged the justness of many of his revenue reform friends, but coming from a State whose great industries seemed to him built upon and dependent upon the policy of protection, which his party was about to oppose, he made a desperate effort to stop the movement. He was not successful, but while Democracy went slowly but surely away from his conceived ideas of its true policy, his abilities as a leader were still acknowledged, and the more important committees were assigned to his guidance.

As a speaker he was not brilliant, but con-

were assigned to his guidance.

As a speaker he was not brilliant, but convincing, and his force of character and parliamentary skill enabled him to secure the placing of Gen. Grant's name on the retired list of the army.

He again, in the summer of 1888, per formed a similar act when he had the rank of general restored in order that the dying soldier, P. H. Sheridan might have his closing hours comforted by the news of his promotion.

which Mr. Randall had contributed he seemed to have the favor of the administration. When the increasing surplus in the United States treasury demanded legislative action, he prepared a bill for a moderate reduction in the tariff, and the removal to a great extent of the internal revenue system. Mr. Cleveland, however, believing his policy on the tariff the best for his party, urged it successfully toward the single object of tariff reduction, which had the effect of isolating Mr. Randall, who remained true to his convictions. The administration's policy thus reduced the protection Democrats in the House to a handful, and finally silenced Mr. Randall's voice in the councils of his party.

This fact and his strengtles to uphold his views overtaxed his strength, and worn out with labor he was attacked with a sudden and severe illness in August, 1888, which the whield to remain out of public life for a most promoule control of public life for a most promoule of the ranks of applicants, and, in many cases, overcrowding the results of the cooper Union, tells me that the cause is the overcrowding of the ranks of applicants, and, in many cases, overcrowding the many cases overtaved his strength sufficiently, but gradually sank under his affliction, passing quietly away. His allment is best described as a general breakdown of his system.—(ED.

A KISS IN THE LETTER.

HOWARD'S GOSSIP

"Jewhillikens, but Wasn't It Hot?"

Telegraph and Stonograph Girls Teo Plenty for Demand.

Patti's Absence from Saturday's Matinee Cost \$15,000.

side of the avenue was thronged.

It has been agreat day for the race and no

Seven judges of the Supreme Court were detailed for work on the Court of Appeals

bench.

Does the amendment to the constitution

bench.

Does the amendment to the constitution suggested provide for the election of seven men to take their place?

Yes, and for three additional Supreme Court judges.

It is an excellent example of lawyer thrift. There is no opposition in the Legislature to this increase in the number of judges, and no attempt to learn, apparently, whether or not the seven Supreme Court judges serving on the Court of Appeals bench, may not in a few years return to their several courts.

In that case, plainly, the Supreme Court will be overstocked with judges, each of whom draws \$15,000 for 14 years.

As an average they are fair but not great lawyers, and \$10,000 a year income would be one half as much again as they could earn in their practice.

The whole scheme is ridiculous, a regular party plunder.

Eastern Cirls in the Soup.

While Western women are forging to the front, our Eastern girls are in the soup.

with labor he was attacked with a sudden and severe illness in August, 1888, which compelled nim to retire to recruit his health. He wished to remain out of public life for a season, but his popularity in his own district was such that he felt he could not decline the unanimous nomination which was tendered him. Amid the heat of an exciting presidential campaign, while his party was such that a felt he could not was tendered him. Amid the heat of an exciting presidential campaign, while his party was such that a felt he could not was tendered him. Amid the heat of an exciting presidential campaign, while his party was such that he felt he could not go acrost he street and stup with a playmate's dead father's body.

The return of a protection mainty to Congress made his presence there much desired during the present session. He never rallied his strength sufficiently, but gradually sank under his addiction, passing quietly away. His alimentia best described as a general breakdown of his system.—(En. as a general breakdown of his system.—(En.

At the called session of the 45th Congress, Cot. 1.1877, he was re-elected speaker. At the extra session in March, 1879, he was again elected speaker of the 46th Congress. The Republicans then came into power, and the speakership fell to J. Warren Keifer of Ohio. In 1883, when the Democrats again got control of the House Randall was a prominent candidate for speaker, but was beaten by Carlisle of Kentucky.

At the time of his death he was, with one exception, the oldest member of Congress in consecutive service, having been continually elected from the 38th Corgress. As a presiding officer he was most efficient, and

New York, April 13.—Jewhillikens, but men object to women entering the business world is because they fear they will lose New York, April 13.—Jewhillikens, but wasn't it hot all day long?
We actually suffered, and men who had recently invested in new spring top coats became profane.
Church folks turned out en masse, and class of women.

World is because they lear they will lose that charming quality—domesticity. Now, I wish to emphasize the fact that the business women of this nation and other nations are more thoroughly domestic and more devoted to their homes than any other one class of women.

se even a possibility of political meetings being bold up there, harvaneved from the flusian restaurant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are more thoroughly domesticity. Now, that charming quality—domesticity are to see that charming quality—domesticity are to see the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more than are more thoroughly domestic and more than are more thoroughly domestic and more than are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more than are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are more thoroughly domestic and more to be often and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the flusiant are to be often and the flusiant and the fl the mayor, two ex-mayors and many other notables, including Cornelius-Vanderbilt, on the avenue.

The judges ought to be in Albany, but they do love the metropolis, in fact you can find three-fourths of the Senate and Assembly here every Saturday and Sunday.

The State of the Senate and Assembly here every Saturday and Sunday. The State is a big place, but the city is a big placer.

In the past 10 years the number of State departments has largely increased. In 1880 there was no dairy department, no board of mediation and arbitration, no factory in

duty as wife and mother if ever a woman did.

Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, who is at the head of a large school of young ladies in Chicago, is a most domestic woman.

Clara Barton, who is at the head of the Red Cross work, is a business woman as well as a philanthropist, and there are thousands—yes, millions—who call her blessed. Her lot has truly been a most womanly one, and her love for domesticity has gone with her through life. Her old home in Davisville, N. Y., was most charming, and the receptions she gave were delightful, and it was always counted an honor and a privilege to be entertained there.

state if he could not go across the street and st un with a playmate's dead father's body.

"Why do you do that?" said the parent; "that is a nice thing for a child to do."

"Ah, well, father." said he, "Mr. Behrens, though he was so wealthy and lived in such comfort, knew only six men."

"Knew only six men." said the father. "what a foolish boy you are! How could a man live in a city of 1.600,600 people in which 2.000,000 people assemble daily) and know only six men."

"However, the boy sat up two mights in that house of grafe, and on the rollowing day the father went to the funeral and introduced him elf to the widow. He had lived opposite her for 20 years, but he took that opportunity to introduced him elf to the widow, He had it was opportunity to introduce himself to helf the can be considered as a poor woman in presenting yourself on this sad occasion. We will only have two coaches because my husband only knew six men."

"Only knew six men," said Mr. Carl, 'how is that?"

"I do not know how it was," she said. "He was born in this city, but he was the last of his race, and he loved his yiclin and his books, and in the daytime he kept the accounts of a large corporation down town, in whose office he had a little glass box where he sat at a desk, and so he knew only six men."

A Radical Change.

"A Radical Change.

"The Eiffel Tower.

"A Redical Change.

"The points (who years for a child to do."

"Some of the railroad companies employ conting the remain salaries and in all cases for mention of the remain seldom overs 6 a week some of the most lecture, in the published companies, as one might of nothing the caller companies, as ocean field the works of the mail read and introduced him elf to the widow, He had it was ingressed to the best of the form of the railroad companies as ocean felegrament situation.

None of our graduates get employment with the cable companies, as ocean felegrament situation.

The young women who attent the most leading the work of the remained the kindness you do that opportunity to

business comman. Who is more devoided to her mother? Who loves her home more than this grand, shifthil woman? or would be more than this grand, shifthil woman? or would know to the public to need any words of mine to sing her praises was an earnest. The deep feeling of every heart grew pitted and poyselean. Although an able and thorough business woman she was very and the proper than the property of the propert

Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, who is at the head of a large school of young ladies in Chicago, is a most domestic woman.

Clara Barton, who is at the head of the Red Cross work, is a business woman as well as a philanthropist, and there are thousands—yes, millions—who call her blessed. Her lot has truly been a most womanly one and her love for domesticity has gone with her through life. Her old home in Davisville, N. Y., was most charming, and the receptions she gave were delightful, and it was always counted an honor and a privilege to be entertained there.

Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, the lovely little English woman, whose lectures are so highly spoken of everywhere, and whose presence is welcomed allke at reception, banquet, lecture, in the pulpit, or in the homes of rich or poor is an illustrious example that business women do make the most tender, affectionate mothers.

Mrs. John A. Logan, who is now editing the Home Magazine, published in Washington, has been for years as thoroughly competent in business and political affairs as many of our ablest and brightest men, but her home life was most delightful, and there have been few more faithful, helpful, or more loving wives.

Does this not prove that our business women are not only the brightest, noblest and best women are not only the brightest, noblest and best women in the land, but the best home makers as well?

Women are not only the prightest, noblest and best women in the land, but the best home makers as well?

Women are not like men, exempt from which here are thouse because they, either from a decided on the steps to the front of the product of the product of the woman of the product of the woman of the product of t

many of our ablest and brightest men, but her home life was most delightful, and there have been few more faithful, helpful, or more loying wives.

Does this not prove that our business women are not only the brightest, noblest and best women in the land, but the best home makers as well?

Women are not only the brightest, noblest and best women in the land, but the best home makers as well?

Women are not, like men, exempt from domestic duties because they, either from choice or necessity, adopt some profession or avocation in life. No matter how highly educated a woman may be, no matter what her station in life is, no mauter how busy a life she may lead, she must be domestic or public opinion will frown on her, and men will never call her an ideal woman.

CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

His Business.

[Chatter.]

Old New Yorker (back from abroad)—What's Bergen doing? When I was here last he was in hard luck, selling out at a sacrifice.

Other New Yorker—He's at the same game—still selling out.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

By getting your friends and neighbors to subscribe to The Globe. If you cannot get subscribers yourself, your wife, son or daughter can do so in their leisure hours, and carn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

Even while they march and the sounds of congratulation and rejoicing fill the air, the sharn cry rings through the streets.

"The president is shot!"
Flashing first over a single wire, then caught up by 10,000 wires, until it becomes one prolonged cry of bitter anguish sounding in the ears of millions throughout the land; "The president is shot!" "The president is dead!"

procedure and process of the special procedure and the second procedure and t

breathing heavily, his head and shoulders

"Outside the theatre the wildest excitement prevailed. Strong men were weeping like children; cursings low and deep filled the air; and as exaggerated reports were put in circulation of the attempted assassination of members of the cabinet and others we felt that we were in the midst of a great conspiracy that meant to destroy by a great conspiracy that meant to destroy by stealth what it had failed to accomplish by

open war."

The dying president was borne upon an improvised stretcher directly across the street from the theatre and into a low brick house, then used for boarding and lodging purposes. My fellow clerk occupied a room on the second floor of this house, and in this now historic room. by his invitation, the sad procession halted and deposited their precious burden. All night around that humble bed the heads of departments and distinguished generals of the army stood with bowed heads, conversing in whispers and hoping against hope; but no sign of life was manifest in the prostrate form save a throbbing pulse and a painfully heavy breathing. The paroxysmal grief of Mrs. Lincoln, which found vent in despairing groans and lamentations, completed a touchingly solemn scene of deathbed suffering and mournins.

At a few minutes past 7 o'clock, on the morning of the 15th, the end came—the fluttering pulse stopped, the heavy breathing died into an echo.

The president was dead!

The crowd in the streets, which had not diminished all night, was now more dense than ever, and as the bit of crape which my friend pinned to the window blind silently fluttered in the morning air, conveying to them the terrible news, the hope of those who saw it gave place to one great heartpulsing sob of grief.

Back to the home of his early days the dust of the great martyr was tenderly borne a few days later. In time Booth and his fellow-conspirators paid the penalty due the offended law. The habiliments of mourning—'the trappings and the suits of woo"—disappeared but from that black day in the nation's life until this hour true heart-sorrow for the untilmely taking off of the good president has never ceased.

E. M. Y. a open war."
The dying president was borne upon an



IT IS THE BEST MAGAZINE FOR THE MONEY IN THE WORLD.

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[New York Letter to Philadelphia Inquirer.]
The principal reader at the Century office is Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, Marion Harland's daughter, and herself a writer on domestic matters. One of the readers at Harper's is Lillie French. who is also a newspaper woman and one of New York's handsomest feminine bachelors. The Atlantic's main reader. Horace Scudder, is a writer of more independent standing than either of these, and he has more authority and consideration in his office—he is in reality a sort of associate editor. Edith Thomas, by the way, is a reader for St. Nicholas, and all the generalizations made about the grown-up magazines are applicable to St. Nicholas, which is edited on just the same principle and with just as much care. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge says she thinks more idiotic stuff is sent to St. Nicholas than to its big brothers, because, she says, people have the idea that anything will do for children, but that is not her notion at all. Harland's daughter, and herself a writer on

Why Thunder Sours Milk.

[St. Louis Republic.] does thunder sour sweet milk?" Milk is peculiar, inasmuch as it is very sensitive to peculiar, inasmuch as it is very sensitive to atmospheric changes. Electricity, the cause of thunder, produces, or if it does not produce, follows great and rapid changes in atmospheric conditions. Lightning is the discharge which comes of electrical inequalities, producing chemical changes in the air. Thunder-storms represent the greatest activity of electrical phenomena, and the best authorities give it as their opinion that the electricity in the atmosphere is the prime cause of milk souring during the prevalence of such storms.

He Meant Weli. [Terre Haute Express.] When a man means well, much may be forgiven him. For instance, one of our new wy 1t converts lately tackled a hymn which was new to him if not to any one else. He began: "Shall I be carried to the skies,

breathing heavily. his head and shoulders resting in the lap of Miss Keene, the managing actress, her white robes, worn in the play, bedrabbled with his blood.

"Outside the theatre the wildest excitement all right, though he didn't stick exactly to the text."

"Till corns grow on their knees."

He had the sentiment all right, though he didn't stick exactly to the text.

And there he stuck. But only for a mo-

Ben Butler's Wealth. (Boston Letter to Richmond Times.) Any list of Boston millionnaires would be Any list of Boston millionnaires would be incomplete without the name of Benjamin F. Butler, who is estimated by close observers to be worth between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000. He is really more identified with Boston than with lowell, though he has his magnificent residence in the latter place. His law offices in Ashburton place. Boston, are the finest in the city, and there he may be found early and late when not in court or travelling, for, unlike most of the lawyers of Boston, he has a large practice in New York, Washington and Chicago, where he has congruently offices. His law practice is worth \$100,000 a year. He lives well, is very generous, and his famous yacht America is one of the finest. The bulk of his fortune has been made by investing in manufactories.

Wen't Answer for All Time.

"What do you think of the eight-hour movement?" asked the Waterbury watch
"It's all right in your case, but it wouldn't be in mine," answered the gold repeater.

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